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Mr. Eden's Awkward Choice

EACH in his own way, Mr. Eden and Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick have this week added to the mystery of the seven arrested Nazis. On Tuesday, Sir Ivone told a few highly selected British journalists that a preliminary survey of the seized documents revealed three facts: first, that the Naumann group is on the confidential mailing list of the Free Democratic Party; secondly, that it has been in touch with S.S. and other Generals; and thirdly, that one of its objectives has been the formation of a one-party State. A few hours later, on the same day, Mr. Eden was blandly assuring the Commons that the arrests "do not in any way imply lack of confidence on our part in the German Federal Government."

Since Mr. Eden is neither a stupid man nor an inexperienced diplomatist, he realizes that Sir Ivone's disclosures in fact cast the gravest doubts on the integrity and reliability of the Bonn Coalition. Indeed, when he first sanctioned the arrests, he must have foreseen what effect they would have. Inside Germany—particularly since he acted independently of the U.S.—they have united the German press and politicians in outraged protests that Britain is interfering in German internal affairs. Dr. Lehr, who is Dr. Adenauer's Minister of the Interior, has gone on record that he knew all about the activities of the Naumann group and regarded it as not worth bothering about. Outside Germany, the arrests have had an equal and opposite impact. In every one of Germany's neighbours, they have strengthened those forces which have been opposing the E.D.C. on the ground that it is dangerous to trust the West German Government to organise twelve German divisions.

Mr. Eden, in fact, has put himself in a dilemma. To restore confidence in the E.D.C. and to regain the good will of Dr. Adenauer, whom he has deeply offended, Mr. Eden must show that the plot is a mare's nest and Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick a silly fool: to justify Sir Ivone, he must prove that the German Chancellor is conniving at Nazi penetration of the Coalition parties. The one thing he cannot do for much longer is to maintain, as he did on Tuesday, that both Sir Ivone and Dr. Adenauer are right.

Why did Mr. Eden put himself in this unenviable position? The only rational explanation is that, when he was presented with Sir Ivone's first dossier, he felt bound to use our Occupation powers while those powers are still in our hands. When asked by Lord Hinchingbrooke whether the arrests would have been possible after the ratification of the Bonn Agreements, he answered curtly, "No, Sir, they would not," and thereby exposed the ugly truth that, within a few months, if the Treaties are signed, it will be possible for the Nazis to stage a plot which neither Britain, America nor France will be legally entitled to resist.

Every independent observer in Western Germany (including, apparently, a recent public opinion poll sanctioned by the State Department) has reported a popular swing in recent months, especially among young people, to National Socialism, and noted that this has been paralleled by increasingly overt organisation of neo-Nazi societies, groups, brotherhoods and periodicals. Naturally enough, the renewed popularity of Nazism has awoken a new solicitude among Right-wing politicians at Bonn for Nazi voters and Nazi programmes. A few months ago the Free German Democrats, who started their post-war career as a highly respectable liberal party, and hold a key position in the Adenauer Coalition, held their annual conference. There they decided, to the consternation of the small minority who still believed in liberalism, to swing Right and explicitly court ex-Nazi support. It is this party that has been penetrated, according to Sir Ivone, by the Naumann group. It is this party also which has been vociferously demanding the release of all war criminals and threatening to oppose the Bonn Treaty unless certain of its limitations on German sovereignty are removed.

There will no doubt be plenty of American pressure to suppress Sir Ivone's revelations, or at least to play them down. We hope Mr. Eden, who acted courageously in personally sanctioning the arrests, will resist these pressures. But even if he does not, the Labour Party's course is clear. Last summer it joined the German Social Democrats in opposing ratification of the Bonn Agreements on the ground that the

Attlee conditions for German rearmament had not been fulfilled. One of those conditions was that rearmament should not bring with it a risk of revived Nazism. Sir Ivone's revelations should encourage the Labour Party to redouble its opposition to German rearmament under present conditions.

In a Persian Market

The long and tortuous bargaining with Dr. Mossadeq seems at last to have reached a climax; he must now make up his mind whether or not to settle on something like the "last-chance" terms offered by the U.S. Ambassador. He has secured his vote of confidence from the Majlis; he has shown that he still has more popular support than Kashani; and he has conducted the latest negotiations in such a way as to pretend that it is not the Persians, but the British and the Americans who are most eager for a settlement. But, in haggling of this kind, things are not always what they seem. Dr. Mossadeq must realise by now that no one desperately needs either crude oil or refined products from Persia, since output has been raised elsewhere, and that the only pressure on Britain and America to settle is, first, Anglo-Iranian's desire for compensation, and secondly, Washington's belief that Persia will drift into bankruptcy and political chaos if nothing is done to provide both internal revenue and a supply of foreign currency for Teheran.

The new plan, indeed, seems specifically designed to answer these two problems, for it provides a means of paying off at least part of the Anglo-Iranian claim, and of selling Abadan's products on the world market. It is not likely to please the more intransigent oil nationalisers, who prefer an idle refinery without foreigners to a flourishing industry with them. But it seems to go as far towards meeting Dr. Mossadeq's views as anything that London and Washington are likely to offer. The question that the Persian Premier must now be debating is not whether he should accept these proposals but whether he would be left alive or in office to apply them.

The Steelfounders Win

In effect, the steelfounders have won their battle with the Government on the clause in the Steel Bill bringing them within the scope of control by the new Board. They are still included in the Bill, but mainly to their own advantage. They could not be left out altogether, because as consumers of a quarter of all scrap supplies and of a big proportion of pig-iron, they have to be brought within the Board's purview for the purpose of allocating these supplies. They are, however, to be exempted from all physical inspection and from the requirement to submit development plans to the Board, as other steel producers will have to do. Moreover, the Board is to have power to fix maximum prices for castings and forgings only when restrictive or monopolistic practices have been shown to exist. What all this means is that the engineering firms, which produce a high proportion of the steel castings, have successfully risen up in arms against what they conceived to be an attempt to subject a part of their business to control by the Steel Board. It is most unlikely that the Government intended actually to control them; but, had the Bill been passed in its original form, the power would have been on the statute book, and might have been used by a future Government. As matters now stand, control over the engineering industry, or certain branches of it, will have to be tackled in due course by a Labour Government on its own merits.

Farmers' Free Market ?

Despite Sir Thomas Dugdale's recent assurances that the Government will never let the farmers down, it seems clear that the National Farmers' Union is alarmed by the decision to cancel the feeding stuff subsidies in April. The farmers dislike, too, the prospect of a "free market" for eggs unless they are allowed to control sales through a Marketing Board and the Government agrees to take any surplus off their hands at a guaranteed price—which is not much of a free market after all. Farm costs will, of course, be substantially increased, and farmers naturally want to know what compensating increases there will be in the selling price of meat and milk. The main trouble is over the prices of pig meat; for other meat prices for imports are high enough to give the farmers good cover for home costs. Sir Thomas Dugdale, in a further speech last week-end, made no additional promises, merely saying that the banks were doing the farmers proud, bank advances to agriculture having increased last year, when the total of advances was falling fast. The Government's problem, of course, is to get a much higher total agricultural production, especially of meat and fodder crops, without paying through the nose for it; and larger supplies of pig meat, which can be procured much sooner than other increases of meat, rank high in the programme for reducing Britain's bill for imported food. Now the Government has made up its mind what to do about subsidies, the annual review of agricultural prices can proceed. Rises seem inevitable: the Government cannot afford to quarrel with the farmers, who will most likely get a good deal of their way.

Shop Census

Retail trade employs more than two and a half million persons in Great Britain; and, despite the growth of multiple stores and Co-operatives, nearly half the trade is still done in independent single shops. These are the outstanding facts revealed by the report of the Census of Distribution taken in 1950 by the Board of Trade. The Census was not complete: it covered about 91 per cent of all the shops and about 95 per cent of total turnover. Thus, the share of the small shopkeeper is a little larger than the figures make it appear. The Co-operative movement did 12 per cent of the total trade, the larger multiples (with 10 or more shops) 23 per cent, and the department stores most of the remainder. Out of a total turnover of about £100 per head of population, food accounted for 42 per cent, and clothing (not including that sold in department stores) for 18 per cent. Next come confectioners, newsagents and tobacconists, with a combined total of 9 per cent. Among the trades with the highest retail margins were the bakers, with 44 per cent (but they are, of course, partly producers), and the electrical trades, with 34 per cent. Among the lowest were tobacconists (9 per cent), and grocers (under 15 per cent). The low grocery margins throw some light on the present difficulties of the Co-operatives, a large percentage of their trade being in groceries. Co-operative dividends have been falling steadily in recent years and, despite increasing numbers, their share in total trade has probably been falling a little. Finally, the Census shows a total turnover of £4,923 millions at 531,000 shops, in which 2,265,000 persons are employed at a wages bill of £392 millions—but, of course, there are many working employers and self-employed. Self-service has not yet spread far enough to have much effect on the man-power taken up in retail distribution.

The Docker's Risk

In modifying its voluntary scheme to persuade unwanted dockers to seek other work, the National Dock Labour Board has conceded a point to the men. It could scarcely do otherwise, for only 310 men out of a hoped-for 5,000 or more have made use of the scheme and sought work outside the docks. Originally, the release scheme provided that dockers might work outside the docks at any time within the next two years without losing their right to return to the docks at the end of that period. During that period, however, they could not return to the docks of their own volition: if the alternative work they found should fail them they would revert, not to the docks labour pool (and its guaranteed "fall-back" of £4.8s), but to the Labour Exchange and the dole. Not surprisingly, few men were willing to risk it. Under the modified scheme a docker may in effect leave the docks and return to them again if in three months he finds nothing that suits him better. This considerably shortens a docker's risk of falling between two stools; and the Board has therefore much better reason than before for believing that their scheme will succeed in its object of reducing the dockers' register by several thousand men.

The Carrot and the Stick

A Correspondent writes: Czechoslovakia is to follow the example set by Poland at the beginning of this month and abolish food rationing. This decision may seem surprising; for there is evidence that the industrial centres of both Poland and Czechoslovakia have for some time suffered from food shortages. In Poland, derationing was accompanied by a steep increase in the price of many foodstuffs and other consumer goods. To some extent these price increases have been offset by wage increases ranging from 12 to 40 per cent. But prices have risen in many cases by more than 100 per cent. The aim is clearly to induce the peasants to produce more and, above all, to bring more of their product to the depleted stores of the towns. At the same time, the industrial workers will have to work harder if they are to secure the same "real" wages—though, even if they do, the new policy seems likely to lower their standard of living to some extent. But that, too, seems to be part of the overall design. Priority number one is the development and expansion of heavy industry. The capital investment needed entails severe curtailment of consumption, coupled with fresh incentives to work harder. The new price and wage policy is designed to achieve precisely that. In the parlance of the West it could be described as the familiar device of the carrot and the stick.

WASHINGTON

The Era of General Motors

A Correspondent writes: President Eisenhower's inaugural address did not provide any really new indications of the policy that his Administration will pursue. In substance, it was very like his campaign speeches, though the rhetoric of the hustings was replaced by the polished platitudes of a great State occasion. In laying down the nine "principles" by which he will be "guided," the new President made it clear that the assumptions of his foreign policy—America's domestic problems received no more than a passing reference—will be much the same as those of the outgoing Administration. But there has never been much question about this: even during the bitterest moment of the campaign, the differences between Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson in this field were more of emphasis and degree than principle. All that can be judged from the President's remarks on Tuesday is that he views the struggle against Communism in such stark terms—"freedom versus slavery, lightness against the dark"—that American policy is likely to be even more inflexible than it had become under Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson.

If the President spoke in generalities, however, Mr. Dulles has been more specific—and it is Mr. Dulles who will now be the chief architect of American foreign policy. To judge from his statement last week, he is still thinking in "active" terms: "liberation" of all Communist territories outside the 1939 Soviet frontier is to be sought by all means short of war. His hope is still to detach Peking from Moscow in the long run, and for the meantime his intention is to increase pressure on the Chinese mainland from Formosa, to buttress the French in Indo-China, and to build up Japan as the keystone of U.S. security in the Far East. Such a policy will have its European counterpart; though Mr. Dulles has been less explicit in this respect, it is clear that West Germany is destined to play the same role in Europe as Japan in Asia, and that no time will be lost in pressing on with German rearmament—for which the equipment and munitions are already earmarked.

Just as the new President's intentions abroad must at present be deduced from the attitude of his Secretary of State, so the character of his domestic policy is bound to reflect the composition of his Cabinet, which is not merely heavily weighted with representatives of the giant corporations, but is in fact dominated by one special section of big business—the Du Pont, General Motors and Rockefeller interests. This bias has been highlighted by the Senate's reluctance to accept Mr. Wilson as Secretary of Defence while he still retains his huge stockholding in General Motors, the largest single recipient of Defence contracts. The new Secretary of the Interior, Mr. McKay, has a large Chevrolet-Cadillac agency; Mr. Summerfield, the Postmaster-General, is the biggest Chevrolet dealer in the world. General Clay, who may well be the Harry Hopkins of the new Administration and the President's closest adviser, is a director of General Motors.

Other important posts have gone to the Rockefeller interests—Dulles, Winthrop Aldrich, Nelson Rockefeller, Brownell—and though Governor Dewey, also associated with this group, remains officially outside the Cabinet, he is bound to have a strong influence on Administration policy. Mr. Dodge, the new Director of the Budget, is a director of the Chrysler group, and though Paul Hoffman—Studebaker Corporation and Ford Foundation—refused Cabinet office, he, too, will be one of the inner White House circle. Mr. Wilson is reported to have said that what is good for General Motors is good for America. He might well have said "What is good for America is good for Detroit."

ROME

De Gasperi's Bold Stroke

A Correspondent writes: By the middle of last week it was apparent that, in the thirty-five days' filibuster by the Opposition against the Electoral Law, the Government forces had been suffering casualties. There had been (and could be) no reasoned answer to recriminations from the Left that the Bill was only a shade less bad than the notorious Acerbo Law passed by Mussolini to rig the elections in 1924. Indeed, all that the Premier could say in defence of his measure during the debate last Saturday was that he had "decided (*sic*) to strengthen the Centre." Not only had several Social Democrats, including Signor Calamandrei, and one or two reputable Liberals openly expressed in the House their repugnance to this method of manufacturing a "working majority"; the increasingly hostile attitude on the Right, from the Monarchists and the M.S.I., was a warning to De Gasperi that each fresh day of embittered debate impaired the chances of any working alliance, after the election, between the Government Coalition and the (perhaps essential) Right extremists. So, at the end of last week, the Premier made up his mind, regardless of constitutional nicety, to bring the filibuster to a close by asking for a vote of confidence on the Law—"guillotining" the remaining multitude of Opposition amendments.

Even so, all was not plain sailing. The news of the Premier's intervention led to stormy demonstrations and hundreds of arrests in Rome. From Saturday until Tuesday, the Chamber was in practically uninterrupted session, first, debating the Government's right to call for the vote, and then listening to ten-minute "declarations" from every Opposition Deputy. The winner in the oratorical Marathon was Signor Luzzato, a young Communist, who was carried out in a faint after a five-hour speech. The climax came on Tuesday night, after a day of token strikes, both in Rome and the industrial North, thousands of arrests, and the dramatic entry into the Chamber of a Communist deputy, his head streaming with blood after a clash with the police surrounding the Parliament building. The Government got its vote of confidence, 339 to 25. The Left abstained *en masse* from voting. Whether or not Signor De Gasperi succeeds in "strengthening" the Centre, it is increasingly clear that he is shaking Italian faith in parliamentary democracy.

MALAYA

The Social Problem

Our Singapore Correspondent writes: How much success the Communists are having in carrying out their "political" tactics of infiltrating the Malayan Chinese Association, the newly formed political parties, the schools, the Home Guard, and the trade unions, is not yet apparent. What is certain is that the Malayan Communist Party is now operating, as the Asian-owned *Singapore Standard* has pointed out, "in a sphere where the Government will enjoy none of the superiority it enjoys in the military field."

By adopting the Gurney Plan for compulsory education, in national schools, for hundreds of thousands of children now receiving none, the Government certainly has shown an awareness of the social problem, even if they appear to fail to understand its urgency. In one way or another there is also a great deal of talk about the need to improve the workers' standard of living, but nothing much happens. Thousands of them continue to live in disgraceful conditions. Wages in the rubber industry have fallen and the cost of living is still high. An independent Wages Arbitration Board recently called upon the Government to hold an inquiry, by representatives of the workers, the employers and the Government, into the whole industry. On this occasion there was no sign of brisk decision. After weeks of delay the Government announced that it was still examining the Board's recommendation. There is a reluctance even among the strong-armed in Malaya to interfere too much with business. Dr. Thomas Posey, the American Negro economist, put his finger on the economic problem when he said during a recent visit that several employers in their greed for profits had adopted policies which tended to encourage Communism. This seems to be borne out by the published returns of certain companies. One tin company, for example, has announced that the dividend for the year would be 225 per cent.

DUBLIN

Health Service for Eire?

A Dublin Correspondent writes: An Irish Government needs to move cautiously when it undertakes to extend health services. Mr. Costello's administration collapsed in 1951, soon after the publication of correspondence in which the Roman Catholic hierarchy showed its antipathy to the provisions of the Mother and Child Scheme drawn up by the then Minister of Health. The absence of a Means Test and alleged dangers in the intrusion of a civil service regime into "the most intimate branch of medicine" were the chief grounds for the Bishop's opposition. Now Mr. de Valera's Health Minister has published a White Paper outlining proposals for improved health services which contains no concession of principle to the Bishops; and the Irish Medical Association has announced that the scheme is unacceptable. It is true that only the lower income group will be provided, free, with full medical services; but the Mother and Child Service now proposed is also to be available free for women of all income groups. The proposal differs from the previous Minister's scheme in one respect: free medical care will be provided for children up to the age of six weeks only, as against sixteen years.

The mortality rate among infants under one year was, in 1951, 45 per 1,000 births. In England and Wales the figure was 30; in Denmark and the U.S. 29, and in Sweden 21. To the present Minister, as to his predecessor, the high death rate among infants is one of the most "disquieting features of national vital statistics." The Irish Medical Association, however, professes to see in the proposal evidence of "unhealthy State paternalism"; it objects to the cost; and speaks of doctors being "apprehensive" about their professional freedom. It has approved of a recent pronouncement by the Bishop of Cork, who had said that the real answer to the problem of the man who could not afford medical care for his wife and children was, not a free mother and child service for all, but a rise in wages, or a cut in taxes sufficient to enable him to pay.

The Minister had already shown that he is prepared to deal vigorously with ecclesiastical opposition. His Prime Minister is fully behind him, whereas the previous Minister in the Costello coalition was one of a small party. There has been talk of a ruling from the Vatican being sought by Mr. de Valera. In any event, the Irish bishops will take some persuading to agree to the scheme as it stands.

Why We Must Evacuate Suez

THE first question I asked at G.H.Q. Fayed was the obvious one. How far does the use of the Canal Zone depend on Egyptian co-operation? The answer I got was unequivocal. "The base is useless without active Egyptian co-operation." "Surely you are pitching it too high?" I asked. "Wouldn't Egyptian acquiescence do?" "No," I was told. "Egyptian passivity isn't enough. We must have active co-operation to make the base function." Ever since 1946 I have urged the evacuation of Suez on the ground that a base in hostile territory must be of doubtful value, and I was interested to learn why the Army has now reached the same conclusion.

To understand the reasoning of the soldiers, one must appreciate that the Suez base has long ceased to be a strong point on the lifeline of Empire, with its main function the guarding of the Suez Canal. Indeed, the Canal's chief military importance today is as one of the *internal* arteries of communication within the Zone. I was assured at Fayed that a base anywhere else in the Middle East would be equally suitable on condition that it provided (i) equally good port and rail facilities, (ii) an adequate supply of local labour, and (iii) sea approaches from the East in the event of the Mediterranean being closed. Unfortunately, there is no such alternative base available and, even if there were, the job of "moving house" would cost hundreds of millions. When they tell you, therefore, that the base is useless without active Egyptian co-operation, the soldiers are deliberately trying to force the politicians in Whitehall to make up their minds. "If we are to stay here, then you must get Egyptian co-operation. If you can't get it, we must go. And that means jeopardising a huge capital investment and giving up the whole idea of one single Middle Eastern base."

This is a portentous admission. Evacuation will mean a financial loss far greater than that of Abadan. General Neguib told me that the British value the Suez base at £700,000,000. This is no doubt an exaggerated figure, but there is probably more valuable equipment in the Canal Zone than in any other comparable area in the whole world. Stretching some sixty miles along the Canal and the lakes, it can equip an Army and an Air Force for war. Thousands of men can arrive by troopship at either Suez or Port Said and issue within a few days at the other end of this immense conveyor belt as fully equipped divisions and squadrons. The Canal Zone is not a stronghold in a system of Commonwealth defence, but a vast depot, designed for the supply of armies far away on the field of battle.

Then why can the soldiers now envisage its evacuation? Even a day's tour, covering a very small part of the area, gave one the answer. When the base was developed to its present size during World War II, the whole of Egypt was under our control; and Suez was only the biggest of our Egyptian bases. Naturally, as our main thrust was westwards, towards Tripoli, vast new depots were constructed during the war, at Tel el Kebir on the Sweet Water Canal and elsewhere far outside the area allocated under the 1936 Treaty. If the Egyptians were half-hearted in their support of us or objected to these violations of the Treaty, we had no reason to be alarmed. The whole country was under military occupation; we had taken steps to ensure that the Egyptian Army was small and ill-equipped; and the 500,000 Egyptians who live in the Canal Zone seemed amenable, since most of them depended on the base for their livelihood.

In 1953 the situation is very different. We have withdrawn from the hinterland, and our soldiers are no longer the military masters of Egypt, but a hostile army, confined within a highly vulnerable hedgehog, with half a million Egyptians inside its perimeter. To make matters worse, in order to "negotiate from strength" with the Egyptians we have reinforced Suez until we now have over eight times the number of men in the Zone permitted us under the Treaty (the Egyptians are carefully calculating an astronomical Excise bill for duty-free goods they are receiving!). But the more troops we pour in to enforce our will, the more uncomfortable the hedgehog becomes. For the Canal Zone was conceived as an undefended base depot, not as a fortress from which to compel Egypt to sign unwanted Treaties. It has adequate permanent accommodation for a small garrison and the necessary base troops. Now it has to find room for two full divisions in addition—most of them under canvas. For the National Service man—who knows he will be free after eighteen months—life is not so bad. For the Regular, with no home leave, no leave even to Cairo or Alexandria, and only the remotest chance of married quarters, it is three years' hard labour. As one Lieutenant-Colonel, who had been posted to the Canal from Malaya, put it to me, "We haven't even the consolation of feeling we are on active service. They dumped us here fourteen months ago, and since then we've been waiting, with nothing to do, while the politicians make up their minds." I visited a Border regiment in some dilapidated huts a few miles West of Tel el Kebir. Everywhere else I had been told, "Of course, morale is high," a remark which always makes me suspicious. This officer was more downright. Pointing out the dreary dilapidations as we went round, he remarked that he couldn't blame the Treasury for not permitting essential repairs. "We have two married quarters for officers and three for men," he observed to me. "Considering what they are putting up with, the men are magnificent. But you must know by now what they all want!" No wonder that the War Office regard the Canal Zone as the biggest single obstacle to Regular recruiting.

But the discomfort of the soldiers and its effect on recruitment would not, of course, be a decisive reason for evacuating the Suez base. Indeed, up till last January it was only the British Embassy in Cairo which was arguing for evacuation, while the soldiers in Fayed obstinately stated that it was militarily impossible. What changed their minds, apparently, was the mild spurt of resistance organised by Serag ed-Din last winter.

This Wafdist resistance took two forms, the withdrawal of Egyptian labour and actual guerilla fighting. The withdrawal of labour has been met to some extent by the importation of 12,000 Mauritian and East African pioneers, but I was told we still require some 37,000 Egyptians on the pay roll, and a strong Egyptian government could easily prevent us getting a single man. As for guerilla warfare, what had disturbed the soldiers was to see how vulnerable this huge, distended string of camps is to even the most ineffective sabotage. Today two divisions, which in wartime would be desperately needed up in Iraq or Turkey, are tied down defending a whole complex of perimeters. Twelve months ago we talked loudly about calling the bluff of the Wafdist politicians. In fact it is our vast military bluff which has been called. When the Wafd abrogated the 1936 Treaty and began to get tough, we had only two alternatives, either to re-occupy the whole of Egypt (and be hauled before the Security Council for flagrant aggression) or to face the necessity of evacuation. Once Mr. Churchill had decided against marching on Cairo on Black Saturday (January 26 of last year), it became clear, even to the soldiers at Fayed, that a resolute Egyptian Government could compel us to withdraw without resorting to guerilla warfare. All it had to do was to stand firm and *threaten* resistance. Last July the resolute Government was provided by Neguib and the Junta. Wafdist blustering and half-hearted guerilla activity had been replaced by an Army movement clever enough to make major concessions to Sudanese independence, while demanding unconditional evacuation of the Canal Zone.

If the information I received in Cairo and Fayed is correct, the only issue which remains to be decided is whether we go with good or bad grace. Neguib is adamant in refusing to join a Middle Eastern Defence Pact *as a condition* of our withdrawal. The officers of the Junta are equally firm in expressing their conviction that Egypt will ally itself with the West as soon as the British actually begin to withdraw. We have promised so often to withdraw in the past that another promise is no longer sufficient. The actual withdrawal must commence. Then, in the view of the Junta, a commission can be established to decide what equipment should be left behind and to organise the technical experts (many of whom are likely to be German officers) for maintaining the base in peacetime.

If this is a fair picture of the situation, then there is everything to be said for a rapid commencement of withdrawal as soon as the Sudanese Agreement has been signed. At present, Britain (and in particular Mr. Churchill) is an object of loathing, as every Englishman who visits Cairo feels to his cost. But the Egyptians are a volatile people, and Neguib and the Junta are genuinely pro-Western. To sell them jets while prevaricating on the Sudan and Suez is appeasement in the worst sense of the word. Far better to give the Sudanese independence and evacuate Suez while there is still time to do both voluntarily as acts of good will.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Rangoon Reflections

HERE in Rangoon, it has not been easy to hear the eloquent speeches of delegates to the first Asian Socialist Conference; the acoustics of the fine hall, never good at the best of times, are made more elusive by the swish of electric fans and the twittering of many sparrows over our heads. The occasional visit of a Burmese crow—a bird of powerful and unusual vocal attainment—might also command more attention than the platform. But the Conference has been impressive and important: a new, clearly anti-Communist, but not pro-American or Western-inspired grouping has come into the world. A new organisation, an Eastern "Third Camp," has been created; it has taken a shape of its own, and in ways that were not anticipated. It plans a programme; it sets up a new headquarters in Rangoon; it includes governments. Its first job should be to produce and popularise Socialist plans for the land as drastic as Communist plans; to develop the Co-operative movement and to end mass illiteracy.

The nucleus of the organisation is the three sponsoring Socialist parties of Burma, India and

Indonesia. They agree well enough on policy, though the Burmese and Indonesian parties are theoretically Marxist and the Indians emphatically Gandhian and anti-Marxist. Perhaps the most striking delegation here has been the Yugoslav, led by Djilas, Bebler and the Yugoslav Ambassador to Rangoon. As a Communist party they may object to the anti-Marxist statements of the Indians, but they go even further than the Indians in their detestation of Moscow. Another very decisively anti-Communist delegation is that from Israel, with Sheratt, the Foreign Minister, at its head. Unperturbed when the Egyptian and Lebanese delegates walked out of the hall in protest at the presence of Jews, it was Sheratt who drafted the resolution which expressed the one fundamental point of agreement among all the groups represented. They declare themselves democrats as well as Socialists: they oppose "totalitarian Communism"—a phrase that passes well enough with the Yugoslavs as well as with Jai Prakash Narain and his friends.

One main issue at the Conference has been the relation of these Socialist parties to the United States. Again, there has been no difficulty in stating a *principle* of unity: all delegations want to make clear their will to be independent of both Great Power blocs. Neutrality does not express their attitude; they have strong ideological preferences. But they intend not to be dominated by America. About Western affiliation Mr. Attlee, as a fraternal delegate for European Socialists, was listened to with polite attention, rather than with agreement. It was the Japanese Right-wing Socialists, however, who reflected most strongly the attitude of the Right on this question; they split from their Left-wing colleagues on the issue of the American peace treaty. In truth, the attitude of these Asian Socialist parties to the U.S. depends mainly on geography and the degree of fear of American "protection" felt by different delegations. It would have been useless for a British Socialist, for instance, to pretend to a policy of complete independence of the United States when the Labour Party accepts American bombers on our air-bases; and no one would have believed a similar declaration from Israel, whose existence clearly depends largely on the capacity and readiness of American Jewry to balance, by gift and capital investment, an economy which imports eight times what it exports. On the other hand, all parties in Indonesia, and not merely the Socialists, react vehemently against the threat of American control over their economy and politics. Thus one can sum up by saying that all Asian Socialist parties represented here are grateful for American aid, but don't want any attachment to America. Unrealistic perhaps, but extremely human.

Let me take two outstanding illustrations. Israel must be vitally affected by the Prague trial and the affair of the doctors in Russia—from all of which it seems that Zionism has become treachery against Moscow. The Left-wing, fellow-travelling Zionist party of Israel, the Mapam, is thrown into a desperate dilemma. It will doubtless continue as long as possible to argue that the Czech court merely punished some "bad" Jews, that the Soviet Union is not putting Jews, as such, into jeopardy. But this view will not be easy to sustain. I remember telling the leader of Mapam in Israel that it was not possible in the long run to be both a Jewish nationalist and a Stalinist; it may be today that the necessity of choice has become clearer to him. But in some places it is American capitalism, rather than Soviet Communism, whose indifference to Asian susceptibilities is most felt. The case of the Chiang Kai-shek troops in Burma is a menacing and significant example.

For the last two years and more the Burmese have been harassed by the presence on the Burmese side of the Chinese frontier of some thousands of Kuomintang troops. These guerillas could melt away into some No Man's land over the border, often into Siam, and the Burmese never had troops to spare to deal adequately with this situation. Today they see better prospects than ever before of clearing up the Karen-Communist rebellion which has now dragged on for nearly five years, and it is all the more infuriating to be confronted with this secret and wasteful invasion. The mere handful of Kuomintang troops, who maintain themselves by robbery and violence and smuggling, has grown in recent months, and responsible Burmese in a position to know declare that these marauders have been supplied with munitions and reinforcements through Siam. They are convinced that the source of supply is Formosa and they say that they have evidence that transport organisation has been supplied by Americans. Officially, of course, the United States denies any responsibility, but the Burmese ask whether the State Department speaks for the Pentagon and whether the Pentagon itself knows all that is done by its unofficial "cloak and dagger" organisations.

As long as the United States supports the Kuomintang rump on Formosa, it will forfeit the sympathy of all progressive South-east Asians and make it increasingly easy for the Chinese Communists to penetrate territories which at present they give no sign of desiring to invade. The most responsible authorities I have met here believe that Eisenhower's policy will be to increase economic and military pressure upon China, making use, in the process, of Chiang Kai-shek's army on Formosa. If so, it is thought here that the Chinese will have no alternative except to respond in kind—especially in Viet Nam, where a little more Chinese aid would probably suffice to drive out the French. In accordance with this anticipated pattern of events, it is believed that American aid is being given to Kuomintang troops at every possible point along the frontiers of China, and that this policy threatens to involve South-east Asia in a desperate struggle, in which millions who now enjoy American aid will find themselves following their comrades in Viet Nam, who began by being nationalists, bitterly opposed to the Chinese, and are now pro-Communist, pro-Chinese, and violently anti-American. One of the most experienced of Englishmen here, who has lived a long time in South-east Asia, said to me today: "It takes the State Department and the China Lobby to convert the people of Indo-China to an alliance with the Chinese, whom they have hated for nine hundred years." Something of the same kind may happen also in Burma if America maintains a Chiang Kai-shek headquarters in Bangkok, aids K.M.T. agents in Rangoon, and supports K.M.T. gangsters in Burmese territory. . . .

Flying produces few more striking contrasts in a couple of hours than between Calcutta and Rangoon. Calcutta seems to me not to have changed, superficially at least, during the last five years; it is still almost inconceivably overcrowded; it is as full of beggars as Cairo, and gives a general impression of hunger, dirt and squalor among riches. Burma, on the other hand, greets one with a smiling inconsequence. No one seems very busy; continuously, and all times of the day, men, women and children pour water over each other from hydrants by the roadside. If people are poor it is in the sense that they have few possessions, not that they are hungry. One of the interesting speculations of sociology is how the Burmese, who have, I believe, no conscious knowledge of birth control, maintain their population at a mere 17 millions instead of spawning into misery and hunger. In any case Burma is one of the very few countries where happiness seems to be generally diffused. The distinction is shared by Indonesia and Siam and Ceylon. And the reason? That these are the only four countries, as far as I know, in which everyone has enough to eat through the bounty of nature and without having passed into the stage of industrialism.

During a Conference adjournment I picked up a newly published volume of speeches by U Nu, the Burmese Premier. The following words caught my eye:

> Those who have only the world's outlook without the requisite Burmese outlook are like those who long for distant aunts over the heads of their own mother.

It is well to remember that, if the revolution in Asia—the greatest event of our times—is both Socialist and nationalist, it is first and foremost nationalist.

Rangoon, January. KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

ADVOCATES of corporal punishmen are well aware that emotion pleads more eloquently than reason. If they took the facts seriously, Mr. Bullus and the supporters of the birching Bill would not try to persuade us that flogging is a deterrent to crime. Its futility was established by the statistics given in 1938 by the Cadogan Report, which have never been challenged. "Prison conditions ar: so improved for the prisoner," I read in an article by Mr. Bullus (has he ever seen the inside of a prison, I wonder?), "that the punishment can hardly be termed a deterrent in these days." So, to offset the comfort of our gaols, birching must be restored. It is to be the birch rather than the "cat" because popular opinion may be more likely to accept the birch as a less savage substitute. How many of those who may be taken in by this argument know of the Cadogan Report's finding that there is no difference in the amount of pain caused by these two weapons, although birching proved to be even less deterrent than the cat? There has always been a popular belief that after the "cat" a man is dragged insensible to hospital, while after the birch he is merely uncomfortable. The only difference in practice is that birching is considerably—and purposely—the more indecent, which may account, I suppose, for its wider appeal to the uninformed—and unbirched.

* * *

The Bill itself is interesting. It requires the Court—which must be one of Assizes or Quarter Sessions, so that we should still hear complaints from magistrates whose "hands are tied"—to specify the number of strokes to be inflicted. But it avoids laying down any maximum such as the pre-1948 limit of fifty. Is the omission deliberate? If so, there is a whiff of the hundred-lash sentences of Wellington's day. More interesting still is what these people would do to the criminal law. Courts would be empowered to order that a man be "once privately whipped" with a "birch rod," instead of or in addition to any other lawful treatment (even, apparently, a fine or probation!) if he is convicted by a jury of "*felony* involving the use of any personal violence to any person." This would be a huge extension of the pre-1948 flogging provisions. What is a felony *involving* the use of violence? Would "motor-manslaughter" be an example, the all-too-familiar running-down case causing a death? The draughtsmen who worked out the flogging provisions for robbery, under section 23

of the Larceny Act, 1916, were wiser than this: they made it abundantly clear when the violence must occur in relation to the stealing, and didn't attempt to make one "involve" the other. This Bill is hardly less absurd or ill-considered than the crude criminology behind it.

* * *

Not the least remarkable of the current epidemic of plots was that which enabled General Neguib last Saturday to close down all the Egyptian parties and confiscate their funds. Just because it was written before this news broke, Dick Crossman's article last week, on Egypt's Nine Just Men, provided some unusual evidence about this plot. He reported one of the Junta as saying, "If you want to carry out a revolution in Egypt, it is as well not to appear as extreme as you really are," and describing the courtesy visit paid by General Neguib to Nahas Pasha before Christmas as "the preliminary to the Second Coup." Crossman spoilt a really sensational scoop by failing to understand the significance of this phrase "the Second Coup." He interpreted it merely as the decision of the Junta to stay in politics and launch their own Liberation Movement. The day fixed for this event is January 23, the anniversary of the day when some Egyptian auxiliary policemen in Ismalia resisted to the last man under attack at point blank range by British tanks. It was followed, three days later, on January 26, by "Black Saturday," when a large section of the business quarter of Cairo was burnt down by the mob. This Friday there is to be a grand parade, and Neguib is to launch the Liberation Movement. Apparently he has decided to take no risk of another January 26. So he staged his Second Coup last Saturday. In a mixed bag are included Serag ed-Din, the notorious boss who controlled the Wafdist political machine; Colonel Mehanna, who was associated with the original coup and made Regent by the Junta, but later deposed for trying to make trouble with the Moslem Brotherhood, of which he is a leading member; and a number of Communists and fellow-travellers, who up till last week had been given a free run by the Junta because they were running a straight anti-British line. Crossman may be right in describing the Junta as inexperienced politicians, but they are certainly extremely professional revolutionaries, who know how to organise their coups *seriatim*.

* * *

I can see one advantage in a Tory Government. When some Ministry starts a socially useful inquiry, there is not an immediate outcry from the press about "snoopers," and the invasion of the privacy of the home. So we may hope that the twenty thousand households selected for the new Spending Survey will co-operate quite happily in this admirable project. I understand statisticians are pleased, both with the sampling method chosen and with the questions that are to be asked. The method, which at first sight seems haphazard, will, in fact, ensure that the answers come from a real cross-section; and, by taking households at different times of the year, the Survey should eliminate seasonal changes—holidays, fresh fruit and vegetables and clothing, to take a few examples. The questions, I believe, go much wider than the items needed for a mere cost-of-living index—this has always been too narrowly conceived in the past—and they should provide us with a valuable supplement to the recent Census, for the final Survey will show the variations in family spending between one social class and another. In short, we shall know a lot more about the things on which people really spend their money—how far, for instance, cigarettes compete with off-ration foods and with sweets, cinemas with football pools, holidays with education or clothes for the children. I can think of nothing more valuable to anyone who takes social planning seriously.

* * *

Gardeners, I gather, are going to have a chance, this spring, of testing the practical value of Krilium, the announcement of which a year ago was a scientific sensation. Indeed one evening paper said that the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organisation could shut up shop, because here was the complete answer to the world's food problem. Now it is being put on the market with much less extravagant claims. It is "a soil-conditioner, which by its specific action on the clay constituents turns difficult problem soils of most types into loose, easily workable loam." In other words, it makes the ground "crumbly," gives easy passage to the roots, lets the air in, and prevents the soil from packing when it rains. It is not a fertiliser, but it gives the plants a better chance of using the nutrients available. In fact, it has the properties which Dr. J. H. Quastel and his colleagues working under the Agricultural Research Council found in farmyard sewage many years ago. They extracted the active principle, but the natural product was prohibitively expensive and broke down quickly through the bacterial action in the soil. Then an American chemical firm discovered that an artificial resin, polyacrylic acid, had similar properties. Its British subsidiary, a scientifically-minded friend tells me, has adopted another version—its chemical name is polysyllabic Double Dutch to me—as being more suitable for British conditions. Anyway, it is a pink resin, and it is to be sold at 10s. 6d. per pound—enough to treat 14 buckets of soil or two rows of beans, 16 feet by 6 feet in area. Its merits or otherwise will no doubt be hotly debated by Critic's Mr. Park and his cronies, but it is a new departure in our thinking about soil. It takes Nature 300 to 1,000 years to make an inch of good top-soil. Chemicals cannot take Nature's place, but they may hasten the process and give Nature a bit of help.

* * *

Vicky's cartoon last Monday had a caption for it. Dragging his small boy past bookshops crammed with spy thrillers and melodramas, then past a newsvendor whose posters outvie the book titles, he asks: "Why don't these authors give up writing this fantastic stuff, and write about life as it really is?" Who, indeed, needs to buy a novel when the newspapers provide such a feast of trials, conspiracies and violence of one kind and another? Yet, brutal and crazy though the world seems on these foggy mornings, I wonder whether it is much worse than it was. While my bus groped slowly towards Holborn, I amused myself by working out the headlines one might have seen at other hectic periods of history.

PLOT TO SUBVERT YOUTH
SOCRATES CONFESSES, TAKES HEMLOCK
'SUICIDE' SAYS FRIEND

MISSING GREEK DIPLOMAT
SEEN IN SICILY?
MRS. ALCIBIADES IN HOSPITAL

PRINCES IN TOWER: PILLOW CLUE
POLICE AT FUNERAL

TERRIFYING NEW WEAPON
GUNPOWDER OFF SECRET LIST
MONK FEARS GERMAN HAS KNOW-HOW

KING LANDS FROM IRELAND
BAGOT, GREENE IN COURT
BOLINGBROKE RUMOURED IN WALES

FRENCH PURGE: THOUSANDS DEAD
'PARIS WORTH MASS' SAYS ROYAL CONVERT
FIRST HUGENOTS REACH DOVER

POLYCRITIC

LONDON TRANSPORT REGRETS

[London Transport regrets having to ask for higher fares due to heavy increases in costs outside its control. *Advertisement.*]

London Transport regrets—it is raising all fares, Baby,
For public transport services do not pay.
It breaks the Executive's heart,
And it takes the passenger's part,
But scheduled increases will operate as from today.

London Transport is fleecing the traveller with regret,
The Board and Chairman couldn't feel more upset,
Cheap transport must be its goal,
But expenses it cannot control,
And costs outside its control will be heavier yet.

Britain's Transport Commission finds rises are overdue,
The Transport Tribunal rushes revision through,
London Transport has done its best,
And it couldn't be more distressed,
London Transport regrets—it is ordered to put on the screw.

Tory Transport Committees announce their intention to fight,
They cannot remain unmoved by the passenger's plight,
"A Minister of the Crown"
They say "Will force fares down,
"London Transport's commanded to hold up fare-rises to-night!"

Britain's Transport Commission is deaf to their threats and prayers,
London Transport's unable to manage its own affairs,
The Executive shows a loss
So the public must come across—
State transport shareholders bear losses in equal shares.

London Transport of hardship to passengers sadly complains,
But while the grievous deficit still remains,
The Chairman may sigh and sob,
But he's done a thorough job,
And buses and coaches are up as well as the trains

London Transport regrets—it is forced to raise fares today, Baby,
It breaks the bad news in the nicest possible way—
Passengers are feeling sore,
And it hurts the Executive more—
But the fares are up, and baby you've got to pay.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mrs. —: I used to take my earnings home to him at the end of the week. I have paid him £60-£70.

Magistrate: Have you paid any income tax on this?—I paid my 40s. fines for soliciting. That's the only means of income tax I know.—*News of the World.* (W. A. Smith.)

Suggestion that Lord's Cricket Ground be used as a greyhound racing track in winter is almost sacrilegious. As well suggest Westminster Abbey as a cinema when a service is not being held.—Letter in *Sunday Express.* (N. D. P. Wingfield.)

I was very concerned at a meeting of children to hear "Mau Mau" the main subject of their conversations. The fear beneath the excitement was obvious.

I respectfully suggest that you would be doing children a great service by asking parents and teachers to explain that the Aberdare Mountains are not in Glamorgan.—Letter in *Western Mail.* (Graham Beeston.)

Jews in Russia

Is anti-Semitism, it is being asked on all sides, to become the official policy of the Soviet Government? It isn't as simple as all that; but it is certainly true that there has, in recent years, been a good deal of ambiguity in the Soviet Government's attitude to the Jews. At a diplomatic reception given by Molotov towards the end of the war, and to which foreign correspondents were invited, I remember an American Negro named Homer Smith going up to Kaganovich, who happened to be at the party, and saying: "Mr. Kaganovich, what is your nationality?" It seemed, on the face of it, an impertinent remark to address to so important a personage, but Mr. Smith got exactly the answer he wanted. Looking at his dusky countenance very pointedly, Kaganovich said: "I am, in fact, a Jew, but *in our country* there is no racial discrimination." Yet, in practice, there has, for quite a number of years now, been a tendency to distinguish between "good Jews" and "bad Jews"—those who have fully adapted themselves to the Soviet regime and those who have not.

There are also jobs where the Jews "fit", and jobs where they don't "fit". There are very few Jews in agriculture, but hundreds of thousands of Jews, whose fathers were little shopkeepers, have been enrolled in industry and in the distributing trades; I have met Jewish miners in the Donbass, and numerous industrial executives who were Jews, and whose technical and administrative capacities have received wide recognition in the shape of orders, medals and even Stalin Prizes. Jews, when I was in Russia, were very prominent in the cinema and in the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment, though they were not numerous among top-level singers and actors. Reizon was the only famous Jewish singer at the Bolshoi Theatre, and although the great Kachalov was said to be of Jewish descent, Jews were, in effect, debarred from entering the Moscow Art Theatre. It seemed to be one of the unwritten laws of the Theatre. Jews, on the other hand, were very numerous in the musical world, including conductors like Rachlin, violinists like Oistrach, pianists like Gillels, and numerous composers of light music. In science, engineering and medicine there were many Jews, some—as the impending trial shows—holding the very highest posts in the profession. In journalism there were a good many Jews holding small posts, but fewer and fewer holding big posts, and today only two, Ehrenburg and Zaslavsky, are well known as regular contributors to the press.

There was at least one department from which Jews were systematically excluded. If, in the Thirties, under the Litvinov regime, the Soviet Foreign Office was what some Russians disdainfully called "the synagogue", there is probably not a single Jew to be found there any longer. As for the Services, in the war against Nazi Germany, the military record of the Russian Jews was remarkably good: an official return gave the military decorations awarded, by nationalities, as 128,000 Russians, 33,000 Ukrainians, and 5,000 Jews—a higher proportion than in the case of any other nationality. This may, however, have been due to the fact that Jews, being townspeople, usually with some education, were in most cases commissioned or non-commissioned officers.

The assimilation of the Jews in Russia has not been a complete success. For this, a certain resistance on both sides probably has to be blamed. In the laws and regulations during my stay in the U.S.S.R., there was a certain ambiguity; in his passport, whether he wanted it or not, a Jew was described as being of Jewish "nationality," though neither geographically nor culturally was there really such a thing. The number of orthodox Jews, i.e., those associated with places like the Moscow synagogue, was very small indeed; and the younger generation of Jews preferred more and more to consider themselves, and to be considered as, Russians. My own impression is that when Mr. Joseph Newman, in the *Herald-Tribune*, wrote of the Zionism of Russian Jews and of the overwhelming impression the establishment of an Israel Legation made on them, he was really speaking only of a small unassimilated minority. The "offensive" was started not on the Jewish side, but on the Russian side, though no doubt the modest manifestations of Zionism among a small number of Jews at the time of the establishment of the State of Israel played into the hands of the "anti-Semites."

In the general clean-up of the arts in 1948-49 phrases like "rootless cosmopolitan" were generally interpreted as a reference to the numerous Jews in literature, literary criticism and other arts who were less conformist than their Russian *confrères*, and more guilty of being interested in Western culture. When, at the Peace Congress in Paris in 1949, somebody asked Ehrenburg what was meant by all this "anti-cosmopolitanism" campaign in the Russian press, he laughed the whole thing off by saying: "Just shows we have some idiots in our press—which in turn shows that we have freedom of the press—even for idiots." But that was for foreign consumption; in reality, the Jews—or certain Jews—in Russia have now, it seems, been built up to represent something of a foreign body, the *only* foreign body, and therefore, potentially, the Fifth Column *par excellence*, in the Soviet Union.

That the Soviet authorities long held doubts about the Jews, especially those who were consciously Jewish, may be seen from the liquidation, in 1948, of the only Yiddish paper in Moscow, the Communist *Einheit*, the Jewish publishing house, the "Jewish anti-Fascist Committee," and the Jewish Theatre. Both these last-named organisations had been associated with the name of the famous Jewish actor Michoels, who was himself murdered, in very mysterious circumstances, during a visit to Minsk in 1947. Together with him was murdered one Golubov, a Jewish theatre critic; and the crime was attributed to an anti-Jewish pro-Nazi gang. (Such gangs survived, indeed, in the Ukraine and Byelorussia for a number of years after the war.) It is a curious fact that, though he has been dead for five years, Michoels is now named by *Pravda* as the principal liaison agent between the doctors and foreign organisations. (He had, of course, been in close touch with American Jews.) Another leader of the Jewish anti-Fascist Committee, Pfeffer, was arrested in 1948—a year when a number of other arrests were made among Jewish intellectuals.

Another odd point was discovered during his recent visit to Moscow by the French correspondent, Michel Gordey, who claims that one of the accused doctors, Vovsi, was the brother of Michoels—whose real name also was Vovsi. Even so, it seems incredible that nine of the most eminent doctors of the Soviet Union—people who were highly paid, and received the highest honours, should have been "tempted by pounds and dollars," as the Soviet press now says. At a pinch, you could imagine *one* of them being a "Zionist agent"—but *nine*, including three eminent Russian doctors!

Is, then, a clue to be found in *Pravda's* attack on the lack of vigilance shown by the Security Police—an apparent attempt to implicate Beria? Although Beria is officially known as a Georgian, he is popularly believed to be either half-Jewish, or of Jewish descent, "Beria" being a georgified version of "Berman" or "Behrson." The whole affair remains a mystery; but it seems just possible, that there may be, on the one hand, a struggle for supremacy amongst the top-ranking Communists; and, on the other hand, an anti-Jewish drive based on the assumption that *if* there is a potential Fifth Column in Russia, it is most likely to be found among the Jews, some of whom have a sneaking nostalgia for Israel, while others have minds that are just a trifle too sceptical and ironical to conform quite sincerely and wholeheartedly to the rigid standards which a monolithic State is imposing on Soviet Man.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Syrens' Song

WHAT happened aboard the *Marie Celeste*? Who was Qualtrough? The ship was found sailing along on a calm sea with signs of an interrupted meal in the cabin; but no trace was ever discovered of the missing crew. The voice on the telephone said "This is Qualtrough speaking"; and, whoever he was, the speaker went round 24 hours later to kill Julia Wallace. Both questions remain unanswered to this day. Loch Ness monsters have been suggested to account for the empty ship. Wallace himself was taken for "Qualtrough" and sentenced to death on that supposition. But the Court of Criminal Appeal refused to let a man die on a jury's conjecture and quashed the conviction.

The extraordinary ebb and flow of public opinion over the Wallace case illustrates the unreliability of human judgment, once it deserts facts for emotions. At the trial Wallace had to be Qualtrough, because husbands can always be assumed to be wanting to murder their wives. That the Wallaces were happily married made the crime all the more sinister. Once Wallace was under sentence of death, the pendulum swung to sentimentality. Why should a husband kill his wife for no reason at all? The Wallaces were a loving couple! All Lancashire was ready to sign the appeal against a miscarriage of justice. The moment that Wallace was acquitted, the cynical mood returned. Why should anyone but her husband wish to murder the poor woman? Wallace *must* be Qualtrough somehow or other. And Wallace, after his release, was ostracised for the rest of his short life. All the time the known facts in the case were unchanged; and there was never enough evidence on which to hang a cat.

Unsolved mysteries are a nagging challenge to the imagination. "What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture," wrote Sir Thomas Browne three hundred years ago. And today another master of prose* has addressed himself to the most recent puzzling question, "not beyond all conjecture." What has happend to the missing diplomats? That Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess are either long since dead or traitors is apparently the universal assumption (otherwise a wholesome respect for the law of libel would have kept the sensational press in check); the favourite theory, of course, being treachery, of which there is no evidence whatever but which derives from a simple emotional response to the word "diplomat." If two charwomen from Harwell were to get lost in a dinghy off Aberystwyth, they would be certain to have been

* *The Missing Diplomats*. By CYRIL CONNOLLY, with an introduction by PETER QUENNELL. *The Queen Anne Press*. 5s.

last seen rowing in the direction of the Baltic. Cyril Connolly, although personally acquainted with both men, has not been immune to the prevalent contagion. Three of the four conjectures that he offers for their disappearance implicate the secret hand of the Kremlin.

But if the song the Syrens sang was not the Internationale, what was it that lured Maclean and Burgess to the fatal shores of France? Cyril Connolly analyses their characters with great psychological subtlety, and in doing so reveals many intimate details of their private lives. But, quite apart from the question as to how much delicious literary soup one is entitled to make out of fresh bones, the procedure is unsatisfactory, where persons are under public discussion. As long as other people are alive, not all the intimate details can be given, and the resultant picture will be incomplete and misleading. We may assume perhaps, since discretion is past praying for, that Maclean and Burgess were neurotic, schizophrenic and alcoholic, but in what direction did those components in their characters take them from Rennes in Brittany at midday on Saturday, May 26, 1951, when they vanished into the *Ewigkeit*? There may have been some other influence at work.

If we are not to be led astray, it may be wise to go easy on psychology and return to the plain facts—which by themselves are hard enough to construe, in all conscience. Unfortunately, too, the facts are not as plain as they should be. Since Cyril Connolly first published his articles in the *Sunday Times* some months ago, he has found reason to correct some of his original statements, presumably in the light of further knowledge. To begin with, Burgess and Maclean were not friends; they had met at Cambridge and had hardly seen each other since. Burgess booked his ticket from Southampton to St. Malo (for the night of May 25-26) on the previous Wednesday. (Incidentally, he was no longer a diplomat.) He packed enough luggage for a long stay abroad and hired a car on the afternoon of Friday, May 25—to drive to Southampton. Maclean was at work in the Foreign Office all that Friday and caught his usual train to his home in Surrey. First untoward event: Burgess arrived at Maclean's home that evening in his hired car and was introduced to Maclean's wife under the name of "Styles." ("What name Achilles assumed among women!") Maclean and "Styles" drove away after dinner, Maclean taking an overnight case with him, and reappeared at Southampton as Maclean and Burgess. They just caught the boat, and the hired car was left on the dock with the words "Back on Monday" shouted to a garage hand. On arrival at St. Malo next morning, the two stayed on board until after the Paris express had left, and then hurried ashore, *without* their luggage, got a taxi-driver to take them to Rennes—and disappeared. At 10.05 p.m. on June 6, eleven days later, two telegrams were handed in at the all-night telegraph office in Paris, addressed to Maclean's wife and mother. (Cyril Connolly prints a photostat of these telegrams as his frontispiece.) The contents of the telegrams were affectionate and reassuring. A similar telegram to Burgess's mother was sent off at the same time. The rest is silence.

From these facts one preliminary deduction is safe. At some time on the Friday afternoon Burgess must have met Maclean and fixed up the plan to go to France for the week-end. The meeting may have been quite accidental; their clubs were adjoining, and they may have met outside in the street. The false name given to Maclean's wife can be explained by Burgess's bad reputation. Another deduction, almost as safe, can be made from examining the telegrams: that they were written by Maclean and Burgess but handed in by a foreigner; the figure 7 is crossed in Continental style. The wording of the telegrams would have been appropriate had they been sent off a week earlier, but was quite inconsistent with an unexplained absence of 11 days. A third deduction, unless one believes that they were already hunted men, can be drawn from their leaving their luggage on the ship: that they intended to return to it either that day or the next.

What is the most reasonable conjecture from the evidence? That the two set out for France on the spree; that somewhere on that Saturday they ran into trouble, not bad trouble at first, as they were able to write out their reassuring telegrams; that it got worse, far worse, and they were silenced; that when the search began a week later someone sent off the held-back telegrams to mislead the police. Whatever their fate, that someone knows something about it—X., shall we say? And if some newspaper cared to offer a whacking reward, such as £10,000 for information leading to X., we might find out the truth.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Dr. Johnson's Island

ON Dr. Johnson's own particular island (for that is how many readers of Johnson's and Boswell's account of the Hebridean tour think of Coll) there stands a little stone monument above the principal bay; and the monument looks out to sea. Few of the very few visitors to this small, unimpressive yet intimately lovely island lying inaccessibly on the outer fringe of the Inner Hebrides ever bother to climb the rock and inspect the monument at close quarters.

Should they do so they would probably be surprised to read on the inscription on it, in Gaelic and in English, that it is put up to another, a humbler, namesake of the Doctor's, but this time spelt in the Scottish manner with a "t." John Johnston of Coll was an island patriot, a lover of the Gaelic language and the Gaelic way of life, a Victorian land-law reformer of the kind known by our grandfathers as a "land agitator." No one except a few of the older inhabitants of this (humanly speaking) dying island remembers John Johnston, yet this monument stands there immune to the weather, all but indestructible by the centuries, unless the hand of man aids the slow softening process of the years. It may yet stand there when and if Coll is utterly deserted, a mute reminder of a happier age for the Gaels of Scotland. John Johnston was born in 1836 and died in 1921. In his long lifetime he had seen the population of his native island sink from nearly 1,500 to just under 400. It is now 200.

One can hear the growl of indignation with which the elder, the English, the more famous Johnson would greet this information if he could pass by his humbler namesake's monument today. Johnson (whatever one may think of some of his other pronouncements upon his Scottish tour) was magnificently sound on the policy of high rents and all but enforced emigration, and spoke out valiantly against it, especially in front of the chiefs. One not only hears his growl but recalls his melodious yet forthright sentence, "It affords a legislator little self-applause to consider that where there was formerly insurrection there is now a desert." And behind those words one hears the echo of an even older saying, "*pacem appellant*."

To visit Coll today is to enjoy the loveliness and loneliness of nature with an undertone of human sadness. Yet there is for anyone who has read one of the greatest travel-books in the English language, Boswell's account of the Highland and Island journey that he and Johnson undertook in 1773, another and equally insistent undertone. Coll is haunted not only by the ghosts of dead islanders who in their lifetime and in sorrow left their native place, but by the memory of two travellers who were stormbound for ten days upon this "Atlantic rock" 180 years ago.

Stormbound—that is the reason why Coll occupies such an unforgettable place in the journal; that is why, wherever Johnsonians and Boswellians are gathered together, the name of Coll, this rarely visited island, is remembered with respect. That is why, even when the two accounts of the tour to the Hebrides were still a part of contemporary literature at the end of the eighteenth century, the news of the untimely death of the young laird of Coll (young Coll) spread quickly all over the United Kingdom and made people even in London feel that they had suffered "a personal and private loss."

It is because the travellers were "in a strange state of abstraction from the world" that the Coll episode in the journal is so remarkable. It is true that, when they reached Coll, Johnson and Boswell had covered over half of their Scottish journey and were able to collect their impressions, but it was the storm that gave the peculiar and excellent quality to Boswell's writing at this point. It was during these ten days of equinoctial tempest, when there was little to do save to stay indoors and talk while "the worst storm of wind and rain that I ever remember" howled outside, or to make occasional geological, historical or social sallies upon this rock and sand-bound island, that Boswell was really able to devote himself to his journal. It is not only Johnson and himself who come walking and talking to us out of these pages. What reader, even the most casual page-turner, can forget the aged yet "erect" minister of Coll who shared Johnson's defect of deafness and who therefore went on arguing even when the Doctor was speaking? Surely a unique feat! But the minister is only one of many others in Coll who, through Boswell's art, live on over the 180 years. Chief amongst them is "young Coll," who persists in the mind with all the force of a character in a well-remembered dream. Because of Johnson and Boswell, particularly Boswell, Coll is haunted by gayer ghosts than those of sad nineteenth-century emigrants.

This illusion is strengthened by the fact that, though the population of Coll has declined almost to vanishing point, its natural scenery has remained unchanged, untwisted, undeformed, almost untouched, by mankind since the travellers were there. Those little hills, those undefiled bays, those obstinate glacial-scarred pieces of rock sticking through the thinly layered peat, even those startlingly lush clover-covered pasture lands and valleys on the West, and, above all, those stretches of sandhills facing the apparently endless Atlantic, have not changed since the great days of the journal. Behind any of these prehistoric protuberances, in any of these historically cultivated valleys one would not be surprised at any moment to encounter the diarist and the object of his discipleship. They are still here in the rock, stone, sea, sky and air of Dr. Johnson's island.

As I write these words I, too, am stormbound in Coll. A violent gale has struck this little island between the Outer and the Inner Hebrides. Only the hardiest have gone out to bend and fight against the wind and the rain and the sweeping rushing mist. But Johnson would not care

about mists or gales. If he could see his own particular island now, what would appal him would be the devastation of the human scene. He too would feel the presence in the island air of other and more mournful ghosts. One can hear, as I have said, his growl of indignation. But the modern traveller, however sadly he may be moved, does not growl: the situation is past growling. If he does climb the rock above Arinagour Bay to look at the monument, if he does read on it the Gaelic and English inscription, and if he does turn his eyes to the sea outside the bay, that beckoning sea on which so many emigrants set sail in the last century, that sea upon which the monument perennially looks, he is likely to pay to the monument, to the empty sea, to the all but deserted island below him, no more than the passing tribute of a sigh—a sigh for the vanishing Gaelic way of life. How Dr. Johnson would have despised that sigh! How angry John Johnston would have been made by its futility, if he could have heard it!

MORAY MCLAREN

Timeless Traveller

IT was like meeting again an old friend of one's distant youth, miraculously unchanged by the passage of time. There, in the "shilling each" box, was an almost brand-new copy of that *English-German Conversational Dictionary*, once the familiar companion of my travels in the dear old days before World War I. The date of the original edition is nowhere given, but there are certain clues. Motor-cars, for instance, are not mentioned at all, and, though trams are included in the vocabulary, it is clear from the German translation that they are horse-drawn. The existence of the telephone is recognised, a footnote telling us that "the principal towns have public telephone offices, generally at the chief Post Office. Anyone can speak to persons connected with the system; a list of the members is provided. The charge for use of wire at Berlin is 25 Pfennigs." It might, I suppose, be difficult to adapt the book to all the needs of modern travel; but I could not resist making, *Dictionary* in hand, a sentimental and nostalgic journey in the company of the central character, the English, superbly English traveller, for whom appropriate conversation on every useful topic is provided.

First of all, there is no nonsense about a £25 allowance for him. These were days when the faces of porters and hotel receptionists did not fall at the sight of a British valise. In the section on "Money" we find him at the money-changer's, saying: "Give me 1,000 Marks, of which 600 in banknotes, 350 in gold and the rest in silver." Obviously meditating an extensive tour, he inquires: "What is the rate of exchange for Austrian florins, English gold, Russian silver roubles, American dollars?" But he is not to be cheated, for he points out: "This does not look like a good 20 Mark piece. It does not sound! It is cracked!" Faced, too, with a request from some petty official, he declares loftily: "I have travelled for many years without a passport," but adds, with withering sarcasm: "I have only my certificate of birth, baptism, marriage." Again, his behaviour at the hotel shows that he is not to be satisfied with the second-best. "I do not like this room," he declares. "Show me another, more cheerful, more comfortable, larger." Conducted to a better room, he immediately starts to pull the bed to pieces, exclaiming: "Take this feather-bed away and give me a blanket instead," and demanding "a softer mattress, a warmer blanket, a large, rough towel." The purpose of

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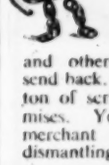

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the last demand is clear when he adds: "Please send a bath to my room to-night." It is not surprising, after this barrage of peremptory orders, to find him remarking significantly but (some might think) ambiguously: "Be attentive, and I shall not forget you."

Bathed and fed, he sallies forth in search of entertainment, and at the ticket-agency we find him displaying a sound English catholicity of taste: "I should like to see a good comedy, a farce and at the worst a fairy extravaganza." Apart from a slight dispute over seats ("Box-keeper, just explain to this gentleman that he must surrender my seat"), the visit to the theatre seems to have passed off quite well, but at a concert that he attends his critical comments may have caused some irritation. "This tenor," he says, "is wanting in expression. The violinist does not play correctly. I have taken a dislike to this singer. The concerted playing showed a lack of sufficient rehearsal." No wonder that one of the audience—no doubt sitting just behind him—taps him on the shoulder with the remark: "You are a connoisseur, Sir, that is evident."

But it is in his conversation on the prosaic subject of washing that our hero shows himself in his most masterful mood. "Are you the laundress?" he asks, and then goes straight to the point. "I have some linen to put out. Could you get it up and return it to me by the end of three days? Can I rely upon that with certainty? Otherwise I must leave it aside." At the end of the three days the laundress presents herself again, eager to receive the praise due to her. But she little knows our friend's standards. "These socks do not belong to me! They do not bear my mark! You have also brought me a wrong handkerchief! The shirt with the plain front is missing! The collars are too limp! These are cotton, but those I gave you were linen! The front is as stiff as a board! There is a spot still visible here! You ruin my linen in the washing!" At this point we can imagine that the poor woman throws her apron over her head and retires, sobbing bitterly.

Thus this far from silent traveller goes on his way, never at a loss for the right word, and nearly always master of the situation. Nearly always—for there is one occasion when he reveals himself as only human after all. It is on a train journey. He starts off in his usual confident manner by asserting the right of non-smokers: "Guard, this is a compartment for non-smokers, is it not? I must ask you to give this gentleman to understand that he must abstain from smoking or leave the carriage." Order being restored, he thinks cheerfully of refreshments: "At what station is there a good glass of wine, beer? Can you not get me something to eat, to drink? Let it be brought to me in the carriage." An unwise move, perhaps, for soon we find him asking his neighbour in an agitated undertone: "Is there a closet in the train?" The answer, it seems, is disappointing, for he buttonholes the passing guard with the urgent request: "Open for me at the next station as soon as we arrive; I badly want to get out"—adding, in a discreet whisper—"to answer nature's call!" But, alas, there are limits to human endurance, and a solemn moment arrives when, rising to his feet, phrase-book in hand, a slight flush mounting above his high stiff collar, he bows to the startled passengers and utters the memorable words: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I must relieve myself; I really cannot wait any longer."

As you see, it was an invaluable little book, with phrases suitable for every emergency. What a pity that I never had, and now never shall have, the courage to use them.

PATRICK PIRIE

While You Wait

No Mohammedan, I have taken my shoes off, and wait while the man in the white coat examines them. He shrugs, disparages here, exposes there. But they are passed—just passed—on through a little interior window to quick hands which close upon them and whisk them away: so, one feels, might some small cousin vanish at the dentist's. I am given a ticket. I walk on cold lino to an old cinema-seat, one of a dozen; there to wait, muffled, hatted, gloved, but in stockinged feet.

Not that, shoeless myself, I lack shoes for company. In hundreds, along shelf upon shelf to the ceiling, they congregate: shoes sharp and snub, glad shoes, valiant shoes, slippery shoes, shoes that have lost their shine and shoes with a kick in them. They begin dancing, to the thrum and drub of some engine in the background. My own feet discover a hassock. Outside, it's raining—which, of course, brought me here.

Ah, it rains (look at it there on the window), and a wet monotony dims distances and silkily opens the pavement at our feet. We feel a new moisture and sap rise in us; *our* pipes are running, *our* gutters sing; and windy arpeggios sweep us from top to toe. Drizzle, drizzle, drizzle; pour, pour, pour. The roads become rivers, buses splash, umbrellas huddle, hats and horses droop, people scatter for doorways, collide, or hover on stilts, while indoors the coals spit and long faces grow longer. Part of me—that impetuous eye which so often overrules feebler senses—may rejoice. But now comes disillusion. My shoe leaks! The cold squelch of one foot (never both) renders action and thought, life itself, intolerable. There's nothing for it but—weighing discomforts—to make for the nearest while-you-wait shop.

Others join me. The shaven-headed man with bare knees, blue belted macintosh, yellow silk scarf, zip bag—a youth leader, no doubt, of some recondite order—having yielded up hobnail clumpers sits at my back where, if I look round, he meets me with circular stares. A fat little lady bobs in with umbrella a-twirl and one heel a-dangling. Should I give up my hassock? While I am pondering this, she fetches slippers out of the *Daily Mirror*, settles in the first to enjoy the second. From time to time a boots whistles in to be told, "Not yet": some hotel-bound client must be hopping mad to vacate his bedroom before noon.

Meanwhile the jolly reverberations (not unlike those which lap the glass room at a printing works) have increased till the whole shop joins in. Shoes shuffle, the fat lady joggles, the grim scout holds tight; my attention wavers over various Compensation Acts and Warnings of Apparent Death which embellish the walls. Gusts of hammering, faint gluey smells waft over us. Then some new apparatus with a whirr comes into play.

An appalling scream rends the air.

Quite unperturbed, the lady has got up, to receive her shoes, and trot away, umbrella point first, into the wet.

Soon afterwards the mountaineer, monk, Martian—whatever he may be—is beckoned to the counter, and he too, iron-footed, departs, leaving me alone.

Scream follows scream, each more dreadful than the last. It is—it can only be—the voice of the shoe. I should never have come here! Too late. All round me, quite still now, are the shoes waiting. The women's seem to be standing outside hotel bedrooms, the men's are packed ready. Leather has worked hard, rubber has jaunted, crocodile is a cad; and here are high heels and none, soles saved, toes curling, tongues hanging out. What a strange and in the end desolating variety! How tired they look, how empty and cold! For some this will have been the last convalescence; they'll be worn out, chucked away; destitution will be theirs, that terrible solitude which at last must overtake all plodders, divide all pairs. Does the world contain a more tragic spectacle than the *single* shoe, met halfway across a field or on a sea-shore? What comes to its fellow, struggling on till it, too, must rest in its tracks?

Then through the little window my shoes return: altered, shocked, blunted, but still mine. They have died, to be born again. I pay eleven and sixpence, step into them, encountering new hardnesses. Gradually they will warm to me. And outside in the street, where I wade into the first puddle for sheer pleasure, the rain is turning to snow. Snow! My eye leaps, and I resume where I left off.

G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

THE CORPSE SITS UP

Along with most people who are enthusiastic and optimistic about the future of the theatre, I have been in the last few years crowing over the corpse of the naturalistic drama, and celebrating the phœnix birth of a new kind of approach to playwriting grandiloquently christened "The Theatre of Phantasy." The experience of the last year demonstrates that the jubilation was altogether premature. The three swallows—rather oddly assorted swallows as it now seems—of the movement, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Fry and Mr. Ustinov have not yet made a summer. The only successful champion of the non-naturalistic play in 1952 was our leading naturalist Mr. Priestly collaborating in *Dragon's Mouth;* and the three plays most worth seeing were straight realistic dramas, Clifford Odets's *Winter Journey*, Terence Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea* and Phillip Barry's *Second Threshold*. The corpse surprised us by sitting up and proving itself decidedly vigorous.

A change of cast in *The Deep Blue Sea*—Miss Googie Withers taking over Miss Peggy Ashcroft's part with complete success—gave me an opportunity for re-visiting and re-estimating this play. Let me confess at once that I am surprised—delightedly surprised—to find that on the second visit its impact was no less weighty than on the first. It is axiomatic among those who condemn the realistic form that the poverty or thinness of the language (deliberately aimed at, of course, in the attempt to mirror "life") puts such plays in danger of relying too heavily on the shock effect or even the trick. It is admitted that in the hands of a master craftsman (such as Mr. Rattigan is generally acknowledged to be) these shocks, tricks or theatrical coups can be highly effective—the first time they are administered. But since they depend on surprise, they can only, the argument runs, affect us fully once. On a second visit they are bound to come at us with a diminished force, and since we have nothing in the way of language to fall back upon, the effect will be very much slighter.

There is something in this argument provided that the effects aimed at are "theatrical" and nothing else; there is even more in it if we take the argument a stage deeper and suggest that the threadbare language of every day is inadequate to sustain any real depth of feeling. This I think is what is meant by those (of whom I have met several) who are compelled to admire *The Deep Blue Sea*, somehow against their wills: "It's all very well but it's almost too much to bear: it hits below the belt." The effect of treating a

harrowing subject, such as this is, realistically—to leave it therefore quite unadorned—is to leave it raw and unredeemed and to leave us who are put through the experience, raw and unredeemed too. It is one of the functions which poetry, for instance, performs to reconcile us to the experience it puts us through.

It is at any rate a measure of Mr. Rattigan's success with this play that we feel the need for some such emollient. It is, as I said when I first wrote of it, a most truthful play; it shirks nothing of the dreariness of its subject; nor does it (the great temptation in this kind of play) add anything for mere effect. It takes us honestly and faithfully through the centre of a horror and would lead us through to the other side. It is certainly a criticism that the "solution" is not perfectly convincing. But this I found more satisfactory the second time than the first. Then, what strikes one as remarkable is the economy with which the playwright achieves his effects. The ease and speed, for instance, with which in the brief exchanges between the husband and wife, the whole of their background was suggested—not merely, I mean, the material background, though that is all implied; but the emotional background of the marriage from which she had broken away. Here Mr. Rattigan shows another side of his gift—knowing how much he can safely leave to his actors. He implies a whole set of complicated emotions in a few understated dissyllables, and the actors—or these actors anyhow—fill in with a whole set of understated gestures and facial movements. It would be a pleasure by itself to watch Mr. Ronald Culver expressing a whole complex of character by simply withdrawing an outstretched hand that is all too obviously unwanted; or Mr. Kenneth More's perfect appreciation of the distinction between being drunk and being "muzzy." These performances have been very highly praised, and rightly; they cannot be praised highly enough: they are the acme of naturalistic acting and make one glad to remind oneself that a convention, even though it may be superseded by another, does not in fact die. It is there to be revived when a sufficient interval has passed. Most of the small parts in this production, by the way, are equally well done. Besides the excellent Mr. Peter Illing there is Barbara Leake's absolutely exact landlady (the character whom the author uses to make an infusion of compassion) and Mr. Raymond Francis catching just the note of puzzled, embarrassed good nature, out of its depth. That all these parts fit in so beautifully without a touch of exaggeration or over-playing (still, after ten months) is a tribute to the producer, Mr. Frith Banbury.

Those who saw and admired Miss Googie Withers in *Winter Journey* will not be surprised to hear that she acts beautifully in this. The part does not allow her to give a "fresh interpretation" and she wisely doesn't try. Miss Peggy Ashcroft had fixed her seal on play and production alike. Miss Googie Withers has the much more difficult job of fitting herself into this conception and filling it with life. Her triumph is that she does it.

T. C. WORSLEY

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS ON ICE

EVEN when a composer is eighty years old, a Grand Old Man, loved by his fellow-countrymen and justly revered throughout the musical world, one must still do him the courtesy of distinguishing between his major and minor productions. The Sixth Symphony of Vaughan Williams—a work roughly comparable with the Fourth of Sibelius or the Fifth of Carl Nielsen—is an astonishing masterpiece which explores a new world of musical thought. There is nothing in all music like the prolonged ghostly whispering of its Epilogue. If we attempt to describe this movement, we make it sound like an effect or a stunt; but it is as profoundly musical as one of the Preludes from Bach's "48." True, there is something about it and about the whole work—just as there is something about the last quartets of Beethoven—which impels us to look for a programme. Various interpretations of the extraordinary Epilogue have suggested themselves to various listeners. Some have seen in it a vision of our planet denuded of life, spinning endlessly through cold space and inhabited only by the ghosts of past achievement; others have pictured some desolate landscape or seascape; others again have found here a symbol of the pure contemplative intelligence, "voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone." The important point is that the notes themselves are completely satisfying to our purely musical sense of logic and form. The adventures of the main theme, its transpositions and augmentations, and the consummate art with which the two wide-spread chords (like indeterminate Amens) are placed at various points in the movement—all this holds us enthralled and leaves us profoundly contented, quite irrespective of the extra-musical connotations which (rightly or wrongly) we may or may not have divined behind the notes.

The Seventh Symphony, however—whether we call it Symphony or Sinfonia, Antarctica or Antartica—is not, I feel, to be compared with the symphonic masterpiece which preceded it. The new work is not in the same sense a symphony at all, but a picturesque suite with affinities to an old-style symphonic poem such as the *Alpine Symphony* of Richard Strauss. It is amusing to think of the growls with which a revival of the *Alpine Symphony* would now be received by the very people who feel most reverent towards the *Antarctic Symphony*. Yet between the two works, with their glissando harps, celestas, gongs and bells, their wind-machines and their massive climactic chords on the full organ, there is a distinct family resemblance. Both are essentially travelogues put together by great composers in whose complex make-up the elements of discretion and taste are less evident than they are in many lesser masters. The wind-machine, for instance, which is not a musical instrument, but a mere imitative device, plays a similar role in both works. Its earlier use in one of the variations of *Don Quixote* was pardonable because the episode (that of the "flying" wooden horse) is comical and imaginary. But when the contraption is trotted out to simulate an Alpine or a Polar gale, one need be no very strict purist to feel that the composer is cheating: or, to be more accurate, that he is overstepping the bounds of art by creating a confusion between two levels of perception—the actual and the imaginative. This is not a trivial objection, because the machine is far more prominent in Vaughan Williams than in Strauss; that is to say, it turns up in several comparatively quiet passages, and is even allowed to dominate the dying close of the whole symphony.

As everybody knows, the new work is largely a reworking and elaboration of material first used in the sound-track of the film, *Scott of the Antarctic*. In theory there is no reason why themes from a film score should not form the basis of a great symphonic structure; and in fact some of the themes taken over from the film are striking, beautiful and quite characteristic of their composer in his best vein. It is evident that Vaughan Williams has been moved and inspired by two ideas: the immense frozen wastes of the polar landscape and the stoical endurance of those who challenged and conquered its hostility. (Perhaps I should add a third, and less important, animal element: the penguins of the film were depicted by a looping, loping theme which is charming, and does very well as a Trio for the Scherzo of the symphony.) In painting the Antarctic landscape, the composer displays a freshness and virtuosity of tonal imagination astonishing in a man of his age. To the already large orchestral repertory of shimmering frosty sounds he has added a new, strange gleam of his own; and though the paradoxical choice of wordless human voices to convey the ultimate desolation of inhumanity is not his own invention, he has used it with great skill and to uncanny effect.

Those who discerned some sort of desolation in the Epilogue of the Sixth Symphony will be interested, by the way, to find that the characteristic contour of its theme—the passage which includes the minor-third rise-and-fall in halved time—reappears as one of the important "landscape".

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OF L'ACCADEMIA
DI SANTA CECILIA
cond. ALBERTO EREDE
LXT 2750-1

Lakmé (Delibes)
MADO ROBIN,
LIBERO DE LUCA,
JEAN BORTHAYRE
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themes of the new work. Undoubtedly, however, the finest passages of the score are those inspired by the quiet heroism of the explorers; notably the grave opening Andante maestoso subject, which struggles grimly forward and upward, carrying an intolerable burden on its shoulders. Here is the noble essence of Vaughan Williams, soon to be dissipated in mere scene painting, but always liable to return. Again and again we are made to feel that the musical material comes from the workshop of a great man, and that the handling of brief passages is masterly; nevertheless, the whole work—at least, so it seems to me—does not stand four-square as a solid and organically unified structure. We have to be content with glimpses of grandeur, whereas in the Sixth Symphony we beheld grandeur itself.

I must add that these lines were written before the first London performance, sponsored by the Royal Philharmonic Society, and are based on the two broadcasts from Manchester and a study of the score (shortly to be published by the Oxford University Press). Since writing, however, I have heard the work rehearsed in the Festival Hall, with admiration for the skill of the Hallé Orchestra and Sir John Barbirolli—but without the feeling that further hearings will, to any great extent, modify my original impressions.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

FRUIT OR THORN?

THE present crisis in sculpture becomes poignantly plain this week with the coincidence of two exhibitions. "Virtually the whole" of the sculpture of Henri Matisse, together with many brilliant, luminous drawings and three fine paintings, are to be seen at the Tate: while at the New Burlington Galleries the twelve winning entries, as well as 33 runners-up, in the British section of the I.C.A.'s International Sculpture Competition on the theme of *The Unknown Political Prisoner* are on view. The Matisse exhibition could not be more serenely humanist: the *Prisoner* exhibition could not be more hollow and gesticulatory, more emptily expressionist. At the Tate—the benign lucidity of a great classical artist whose genius (as a painter) has enabled him to liberate colour; to trap the light of the sun and project it, in washes of unprecedented brilliancy, as the essential concomitant of designs of an austere spontaneity. At the New Burlington—the weak frenzy, the tortuous, unreal complexities of a new expressionism, dark and thorny with fashionable doubts and fears, giving birth to bleak, anæmic or turgid forms which spring as much from formal inaptitude as from any genuine, compelling *Angst*. There are exceptions—which I'll come to later. But surely the repetitive spikiness of all these iron thorns and cacti (preferably iron already showing signs of rust: our northern romanticist bias welcomes this element of archaicism) are a thin cliché by now? And do they not stem from that strong native source, the art of the graphic illustrator (say, a Sutherland indian ink thorn bush?) rather more than from any sculptural idiom?

Taken together I feel that these two exhibitions illustrate very clearly the dilemma now facing that talented group of young British sculptors whose "open" metal configurations now assume the proportions of a school—and one much acclaimed, incidentally, at last summer's Venice *Biennale*. Their dilemma is twofold. In the first place, can the new "open" form—of which Reg Butler was, in England, the pioneer—continue, now, to assist the sculptor in the expression of his deepest conviction? Or must he return to the closed form that is common both to academic tradition and Henry Moore? Can he continue to "draw in space" by means of string-like bars and spindly rods, arriving at the now familiar cage—or frame-like structure? Or must he again resort to the more plastic expressiveness (involving mass) which demands the closed form with its continuous, modulated surface?

This is the formal problem—the dilemma of sculptural means. The second problem lies in the less specialist sphere of subject-matter, of poetry if you like. Must the total feeling or meaning of a work continue to be deliriously expressionist, lorn, anguished? Or is this attitude itself now almost an academic posture? In so far as this thorn æsthetic results from a consciously deliberate choice it may only be an affair of fashion, and therefore assailable. To many of the sculptors in this competition one would like to suggest that it might be exciting, now, to aim deliberately at something quite opposite—something approaching the "fruit æsthetic" of Matisse, perhaps? It would be impertinent, of course, to include Reg Butler himself in this class. He has, by the subtle force of his discoveries, already set the tone of this movement; already he has exerted a most extensive influence within this country. Butler is not only a fine artist: he is a man possessed. I am tempted to call him the Kafka of modern sculpture: this theme of *The Unknown Political Prisoner* might have been made for him. Anyway, it seems to me that his entry is the most moving—and the most alarming. It consists of a minute slender-limbed iron tripod mounted on rock: there is a ragged hole in the centre of the roughly triangular platform into which a vertical rod plunges from high above the platform. Various simple frames flank this platform on two sides with rectangular rhythms and the suggestion of tiny ladders or racks: and there is another minute ladder hinted at on one of the three main legs of the structure. Suddenly, looking down, away from this vacant piece of scaffolding, utterly devoid of anthropomorphous forms, one sees on the rock between the tripod's legs, three tiny human figures gazing upwards. The shock is complete. Suddenly one grasps the implication of scale. This, then, is a vast . . . gallows. An empty scaffold towering above diminutive humanity. All the impersonal cruelty latent in "the State" seems summed up in this horrible machine.

No: in Butler's case the *Angst* is real. But it is *matched* by an impeccable formal sense, a gift for architectonic form, which restrains the Kafkaesque fantasy and harnesses it to the purposes of art. Butler is as elegant as Picasso, formally speaking. F. E. McWilliam's two figures of Cain breaking Abel is also exempt from my criticisms above: its cruelty is the cruelty of Cain to Abel, of man to man; but not of McWilliam to sculptural form. Some of the better works, on the other hand, do not face up to the subject at all: Barbara Hepworth's or Paolozzi's, for instance. And how the judges came to prefer the tawdry sentiment of certain naturalistic bound figures to a number of entries which we see they rejected, is certainly a mystery.

Back at the Tate again one reflects that Matisse the sculptor is as lucid, economical, calm and strong as Matisse the painter. He is always voluptuous yet austere; sensuous yet intellectual. In a word, he *contains* within himself most of the opposing forces to which an artist is always susceptible. Few triumph at the expense of others: this is what makes him a classical artist. Whoever belittles Matisse's sculpture is probably attacking his Latin orientation as a whole, rather than his formal sensibility; for these modelled female heads and figurines reveal a sureness of form and a plastic knowledge which is extraordinarily complete and deceptively simple. Here are no painter's silhouettes solidified, merely, into three dimensions. Here are fruit-like, gourd-like, bud-like forms composed and realised in the round, until the analogy with the female figure is complete. In these knobbly, chunky bronzes, no less than in his paintings, Matisse extols *growth*, but the growth of flesh, not bone. Everything under the sun should grow straight and strong, firm and luscious. The female body, in both his sculpture and his painting, is conveyed in terms of a taut and limber rococo—for such are the rhythms of growth. But it is a modern rococo, lithe in its curves and apparently loose in the balanced order of its design. It is never floury, heavy or brittle. In an age largely dominated by the geometric and the rigid, its creation has been a remarkable achievement.

Criticism of Matisse's sculpture is, therefore, impossible from the point of view from which we so frequently criticise sculpture at present; its possession—or lack—of plastic coherence, of form that is so broad and strong that it exists three-dimensionally. Matisse has these qualities in good measure. What, then, denies the final bite of greatness to his sculpture? Why would I prefer a drawing or a painting from his hand? I think it is that his sculptures lack presence. In his painting it never matters one jot when his beautiful girl has a distinctly anonymous air. Her impersonalness is part of her charm: and if his tables, chairs and jugs of flowers, all have a blurred identity as separate objects, that is because the artist's main preoccupation is not the enhancement of individual objects (Braque, with his "*L'objet, c'est tout*," does *that*), but the communication of the whole scene, the whole setting, in terms of light; and light, in painting, is colour. In sculpture this dilution of the personality of an object (and in Matisse's sculpture "the object" is a woman) is unfortunate. It removes that potent core of mysterious individuality which the greatest sculpture possesses; which, indeed, it exists to transmit. Matisse is a very great painter. But he is probably no more than a very excellent sculptor.

PATRICK HERON

TELEVISION NOTES

THERE have been three different attempts recently by producers to provide a dramatic programme of some degree of novelty instead of screened revivals from the commercial theatre. One was a play specially written for television, another a new story specially re-written and the third an adaptation by Mr. Winston Clewes of R. L. Stevenson's *Markheim*. Stevenson, with his powerful sense of narrative and his passionate majestic faith in melodrama, might well seem to be the ideal subject for the television adaptor. In this story a man murders the owner of a little junk shop, and then, after talking to a mysteriously appearing gentleman, his conscience, confesses. The performances were good, the stuffy shop beautifully real and the long close-up of ticking clocks melting into a silhouette of swinging gallows, a pardonable cadenza by the producers, Christian Simpson and Tony Richardson. Nevertheless, the experiment disastrously foundered on the huge difference between fiction and drama. Beneath the scrutinising glare of the cameras the slender moral fanatsy became quite incredible.

In *Johnnie Was A Hero* another rather unconvincing pang of remorse prevented the Cockney murderer, cleverly played by Duncan Lamont, from killing his victim's dog. Mr. Kenneth Hyde's play came once or twice very close to real life in the perilous character of a schizoid ex-bomber pilot, done with just the right tinge of bitterness by Bryan Forbes. In the drama's professional construction, some cleverly placed noises off, which of course television can do so much more subtly than the theatre, established the sinister pastoral setting.

By a rather striking contrast to both these plays, *Make Me An Offer*, produced by Caryl Doncaster, showed that rare sight, distinctive contemporary writing wittily bringing the screen to life. How tied to the power of the word television in fact is! How meaningless brilliant pictorial montage when lavished, as so often, upon a third-rate text! Mr. Mankowitz's Chandler-esque view of the English antique business gave splendid opportunities for quick characterisation—Sparta, the fur-coated lead-fancier (Arnold Marlé) and Charlie and Fred (Sydney Tafler and Harry Fowler), the Wedgwood boys, were sketched with a merry care.

Another kind of revelation was the appearance of Mr. J. Louis Barr, President of the British Phrenological Society in *Is There Anything In It?* Mr. Barr's main demonstration curiously recalled *What's My Line?* He was taken away to a sound-proof room while two "challengers" made confessions of their characters before a grinning student audience. Then Mr. Barr returned to

observe his seated subject. Without at first so much as touching the head, he fired off a long burst of information; then, tenderly feeling the scalp, he became more detailed, announcing (on both occasions), "You have a strong sense of justice." The archæological guessing game *Animal, Mineral?* has now considerably livened, thanks to the chairmanship of Dr. Glyn Daniel and the shattering omniscience of Mr. Adrian Digby, of the British Museum. The new literary diversion *Down You Go* conducted by Mr. Marcus Dick with all the solemnity of a *viva voce* examination so far lacks both competitive tension and an amusing patter. Mr. Philip Harben, as indefatigably exuberant as ever, seemed, last time I watched him, to reach a new level of gastronomic poetry in a delightful mouth-watering programme on Toad-in-the-hole. ANTHONY CURTIS

THE MOVIES

"Maclovia," at the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Ruby Gentry," at the London Pavilion

From a London fog to the sunlit quietnesses of *Maclovia* is one of those steps which, to the cinema-goer, come easy, but are none the less miraculous. *Maclovia* is a Mexican film about Mexico—or rather about a lake called Pasco with an island in it; and even if it were not a very good film, the scenery, the quick-change of climate, would enchant. The village—on this dream island—climbs by slow steps above the quay; fishing nets hang to dry, more like bunting than washing; to a setting sun or rising moon the long, thin canoes set out, each with what looks like a pair of gauzy pantomime wings—the large two-lobed dipping-net; long nets float in a semi-circle, and the fishermen wait; a flute—supposed to encourage the catch—plays. . . . All, you will agree, as delectable a mid-winter idyll as one could wish.

Maclovia sets out, perhaps a little self-consciously, to capture the idyll, to steepen its lights and shades with tragedy. We may be reminded, perhaps, of *Tabu*. Once again, the stern local decree threatens death to the lovers, the beauty of surroundings (dark zenith and macaroon cloud, figures against sky, tears against tradition) captivates, an oily smudge comes from Civilisation with the capital. But of course the differences are enormous. Civilisation—one of the most ancient—is itself at stake, and compromise is within sight; tragedy will be warded off, the need for re-education affirmed. We are given an idyll interrupted, a hint of dark primeval forces, a piece of cinema three-quarters ravishing. What's, if at all, amiss? Only that the idyll is a shade too studious, the drama too enhanced. Many films have been made about Mexico, and the ghost of Eisenstein's *Que Viva Mexico!* wonderfully disparages all. At once we are aware of too much beauty—but it is beauty!—and too little earth. *Maclovia* is a good film, *but*: when it goes fishing there's too little about the fish, and when it goes a-dramatising, there's a deal too much human sculpture and glycerine. Its story, dated 1914, is of a poor Indian who aspires to the Chief's daughter, learns to write when he is forbidden to speak to her, and gets imprisoned by a blue-eyed sergeant bully; of the daughter offering to sacrifice honour for his release, of vengeance swooping down in the shape of a torch-lit stampede of the islanders. For the most part the drama has been slow, statuesque: now it gushes out to its half-happy ending with the lovers escaping to seek marriage on a less paradisal but more accommodating mainland. Despite one's reservations, *Maclovia* is a film to see and to dwell in; it has a beautiful heroine (Maria Felix), a hero (Pedro Armendariz) whose acting matches his appeal; and in general the director, Emilio Fernandez, has given depth to an austere, stately, humble people in the most lyrical of landscapes.

Ruby Gentry is, rather disappointingly, someone's name. Ruby herself (Jennifer Jones) has been born "on the wrong side of the track," that's to say the swampy side, where one woman goes to fifteen men and tight jeans and sweaters are never out of fashion. She flirts with and then marries into the drier parts while retaining an essential swampiness that excites jealousy, cutting, and a strong suspicion of murder. This, in fact, is heavy drama, and for those who relish it there will be joy in the swamps, and especially in Miss Jones's brother, who menaces her with "Sowing the seeds of eternal shame," lilted to a guitar in the kitchen. He ends splendidly, letting loose with a shotgun through the marsh gas, to the rollick of "The wages of sin is death."

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

WITCHES IN THE U.N.

SIR,—A highly invidious reference to me was made in Mr. Stephen Pollak's otherwise accurate article, "Witches in the U.N." in your November 22 issue. "The question," he wrote, "of what to do with American U.N. employees who become involved in 'loyalty investigations' is not a new one: it first arose when, as far back as 1949, the name of Mary Jane Keeney was mentioned in connection with the Gubichev spy trial."

First, I have never been involved in any "loyalty investigations" of which I myself have been apprised. (Recent testimony by State Department and United Nations officials discloses, however, that many U.N. staff members have been the object of "adverse comment" of which they have not been informed and to which they have been given no opportunity to reply.) In holding a post in a confidential U.S. war agency, I underwent rigorous investigation and received clearance from the Civil Service Commission—as did other U.S. nationals in the Secretariat, now under attack, who worked for the Government. I resigned, voluntarily, in 1946 with an excellent record.

Secondly, I had no more connection with the "Gubichev spy trial" than did hundreds of persons who, though the parties in this case were unknown to them, had their names brought adventitiously into the record of the Coplon trial, just as my name was, by the introduction of F.B.I. dossiers on 28 other individuals.

I was, indeed, the first of a now large number of Secretariat members to undergo ordeal by slander as a result of the extra-legal techniques employed by Congressional committees. In June, 1949, I was questioned under subpœna of the House Committee on Un-American Activities as to appointment policy in the United Nations. Under specific U.N. instructions, which were honoured by the Committee, I declined to testify on this matter although I answered all other questions. The hearing occasioned little publicity.

Six weeks later, however, banner headlines in the press were made by a charge contained in a preface to the Committee's printed report of my testimony—a charge on which I had not been questioned at the hearing. I was accused of "having placed [my]self in the position of a Communist courier" while on U.S. Government mission three years earlier, by "managing" to bring back "the secret political will of an important political personage."

What I had actually brought back, quite openly and with the pride of any bibliophile, were four first editions of French Resistance literature. One was *Deux voix francaises: Péguy, Péri;* the second was Péri's *Ma Vie*—his moving statement written the night before execution and since become part of the enduring literature of France. It is usually referred to in English as "Péri's Testament," a title that was distorted into "a secret political will."

The distortion appears in the F.B.I. dossier on another individual in whose apartment I had stayed on return from mission, and over whose telephone I had unquestionably announced my acquisition of collector's items. It is clear from the dossier that the telephone had been wire-tapped for many months both before and after I was a guest. Such interception is, of course, unlawful.

Understanding the embarrassment that circulation of the "Communist courier" invention created for the U.N., I immediately explained the facts. These were incorporated in an official press release issued

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by the U.N. on the same day. A press statement is the sole means of reply available to a U.S. citizen when he is slandered under Congressional privilege, but the statement usually fails to catch up with the accusation.

New York. MARY JANE KEENEY

TITO AND STEPINAC

SIR,—So that your readers may be given an opportunity to form a less biased judgment on the position of the Church in Yugoslavia than will be possible if they accept without question the statements made by Mr. Graham Greene in your issue of January 17, I shall be grateful if you will allow me the necessary space to reply. I trust that Mr. Greene is merely misinformed, but the fact remains that his statements are an inexcusable and flagrant misrepresentation of the true position.

To take Mr. Greene point by point:

1. In Yugoslavia the right to teach children the catechism exists, and has always existed. Under the present Constitution the Church is separated from the State, so that the catechism is no longer taught in the State schools. There is no ban whatsoever on the teaching of the catechism to children whose parents wish it, and this is done on premises provided by the respective churches.

2. Every citizen of Yugoslavia has the right to have a church as well as a civil marriage, and a great many people do so. The civil marriage ceremony is required by the authorities, again because of the separation of Church and State. Church christenings and other religious ceremonies are also freely arranged where the parents wish it.

3. There is no ban whatsoever on the taking of collections in churches for the support of priests, and there never has been such a ban.

4. There is a free Catholic press in Yugoslavia. The following Catholic papers are published, in addition to others, and a full list can be produced on request, together with a number of up-to-date copies (or back numbers) for persual. *Vjesnik*, organ of the Djakovo Bishopric; *Oznanilo*, organ of the Ljubljana Bishopric; *Verski list*, organ of the Maribor Bishopric; *Blagoveti*, organ of the Belgrade Bishopric; *Gore srca*, organ of the Catholic Literary Society "Cyril and Methodius" in Zagreb (the latter prints 10,000 copies weekly). A number of Catholic local papers are also published, in addition to books, pamphlets, religious calendars, prayer books, catechisms and so forth.

5. So far as the reopening of Convent schools is concerned, this is obviously incompatible with the separation of Church and State. Convents are denominational schools, where general education and Catholic religious teaching are interwoven. Under the Constitution the Yugoslav State provides for the general education of citizens. Religious teaching must be arranged as a subject outside the general curriculum, as has been explained above.

6. So far as the "restoration of property to convents" is concerned, it is not clear to which property Mr. Greene refers. If he has in mind land which has been the property of the Catholic Church in general (in addition to banking and business interests), this cannot be returned, since under the Law of Agrarian Reform the land has been given to land-hungry peasants—in fact, the land is for those whose work is on the land. I may add that in spite of the fact that strict adherence to the law rules out the owning of land by monasteries and other religious institutions, at the present time 10 hectares of land are allowed to all monasteries and religious institutions, and in the case of those of greater historical importance, as much as 30 hectares. It may not be known also that the Yugoslav State, though by law under no obligation to do so, gives 50 million dinars a year to the Roman Catholic Church, which is far in excess of the amount allowed to any other denomination in Yugoslavia, although the Roman Catholic Church ranks only second in the country by the number of its adherents.

Do not all these facts, to use Mr. Greene's words, cast a light on the degree of religious liberty in Yugoslavia?

In conclusion, so far as Mr. Greene's surprise at the number of convicted priests is concerned, I must point out that unfortunately it is a fact that in Yugoslavia during the war a number of Catholic priests committed the crime of high treason, collaborating with the enemy. After the war a number did not conform to the laws of the country, which every State requires of its citizens. There is concrete evidence of all this, which can be produced and verified at any time.

A. SOKORAC,
Press Counsellor.

Embassy of the Federative People's Republic of Yugoslavia.

SIR,—When Dr. Stepinac, the Archbishop of Zagreb, learns how Mr. Michael Derrick, writing in your columns from the office of the *Tablet*, has leaped to his defence, he will not be very grateful. In a letter to the notorious quisling Pavelic, Mr. Derrick says, the Archbishop strongly denounced the forcible conversions of Orthodox Serbs into the Catholic Church; this letter, he says, was written on November 20, 1941. As the massacres and the forcible conversions continued after that date, and Stepinac continued to give Pavelic his full support, this, of course, does not redound to Stepinac's credit. His friends can no longer plead that in his association with Pavelic he knew nothing of the atrocities.

With regard to the forcible conversions, Mr. Derrick says that "There is, I think, no evidence whatever to suggest that such a monstrous thing was ever advocated by any Catholic prelate." It would seem that Mr. Derrick will have to think again when he hears that Archbishop Saric of Sarajevo—the same gentleman who wrote a poem to Pavelic, in which are the lines:

> In the Basilica of St. Peter
> In the eternal city of the poet
> Your embrace was dear to me. . . .

—this Archbishop appointed to the presidency of his Spiritual Board the Sarajevo curate Bozidar Brale. He was chief organiser of the massacres of the Serbs of Bosnia, and himself participated in the killings.

Another prelate of whose conduct Mr. Derrick would not approve is Bishop Aksamovic, of Djakovo, under whose leadership there took place one of the biggest mass conversions of Serbs. Two of his clergy, his chaplain Dr. Djuka Mario, and Stjepan Bogutovac, thought that these conversions were not in the spirit of Christian teaching, but the bishop obliged them to fall into line.

Perhaps one more example will suffice, that of Dr. Simrak, the Bishop of Krizevci, who was Stepinac's right-hand man in the matter of the forcible conversions. (It will be remembered that in Stepinac's report to the Pope of May 18, 1944, the Archbishop informed His Holiness that 240,000 Serbs had been converted.) Dr. Simrak issued a Directive which was published in the official *Bishopric News* of Krizevci, No. 2, 1942. "Special offices and church committees must," he wrote, "be created immediately for those to be converted. . . . We have done very little until now as far as conversion is concerned, simply because we were undetermined and afraid of small obstacles and complaints from people. Every great work has someone opposing it, but we must not allow our spirits to be lowered. . . . Our work is legal because it is in accord with official Vatican policy."

I know not what the Vatican's reaction was to this assertion, but it would appear that Mr. Derrick will no longer say that no Catholic prelate ever advocated what he rightly denounces as a "monstrous thing."

HENRY BAERLEIN

ABDUL GHAFFAR KHAN

SIR,—I have been greatly surprised by the report from your Correspondent, and by a letter, in your issue of January 3, concerning Abdul Ghaffar Khan. It is sought to prove that he is a great patriot of Pakistan. Both the comments are misleading. No one would wish to minimise his and his group's struggle for the freedom of India. But their contribution to the freedom of Pakistan, however, was negative. In fact Ghaffar Khan and his group did their best to prevent the establishment of Pakistan.

The inference that a man who has rendered valuable service in the past to India should be above the law and interests of Pakistan is fallacious. A man cannot be judged by his past alone. Abdul Ghaffar Khan's convictions were certainly not those of Pakistanis. Despite this, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, who had become a member of the Constituent Assembly of Pakistan, was, like any other citizen of Pakistan, given every opportunity for useful and constructive work. Unfortunately he and his group did not reconcile themselves to the changed circumstances and indulged in subversive activities. No less a person than the Qaid-i-Azam tried to persuade him to live as a law-abiding citizen. Although Abdul Ghaffar Khan made several public statements, including one in the Constituent Assembly, declaring his allegiance and loyalty to Pakistan, he continued to indulge in activities inimical to the safety of the State. He and his party established contacts with subversive elements, and there is definite evidence to show that he was in league with the notorious Faqir of Ipi. In view of his activities the North-West Frontier Province Government had no option but to apprehend him. He was accordingly arrested in June, 1948, and was duly tried under the law of the land and convicted by a Magistrate.

At the time of his conviction Abdul Ghaffar Khan was asked to execute a Bond to the Government of Pakistan assuring them of his bona-fides as a loyal subject to the State, which he emphatically declined to do. Abdul Ghaffar Khan is kept in comfortable living conditions, is well looked after and his health is good. He is given a handsome allowance and is permitted to have companions of his choice.

S. M. HAQ,
Press Attaché.

Office of the High Commissioner for Pakistan.

[Before Pakistan was established, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, like many others (including Pakistan's present Minister of the Interior), was opposed to partition. Afterwards, he gave an oath of loyalty in the Constituent Assembly in Karachi, which was graciously acknowledged by the late Qaid-i-Azam. What more does the Pakistan press attaché require? As for the hoary charge about the Faqir of Ipi, anyone who knows the Frontier Province will appreciate its absurdity. Will Mr. Haq provide his evidence, both as to this charge and to any subversive activities of which this apostle of non-violence is said to have been guilty? His 3 year sentence ended in June, 1951, since when Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan has been kept in prison (without any trial) apart from various visits to hospital for operations. A cell in Montgomery Gaol, where we are informed he still is, scarcely merits the description "comfortable living conditions." And what is this "handsome allowance" to a follower of Gandhi and what "companions of his choice" have paid him visits?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

KENYA

SIR,—There are at least five points in the letter from Miss Helen Richard published in your issue of December 27 which should be corrected.

(1) "Corporal punishment dealt out by employers should be abolished." Corporal punishment by em-

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ployers is and always has been illegal in Kenya. Assault is dealt with in Sections 245 to 248 of the Penal Code which makes no distinction between white and black, or between employers and employees.

(2) "I was warned that it was no longer legal to draw blood when giving a beating." It has never been legal to draw blood when giving a beating or to give a beating at all except in due course of law (i.e., when ordered by a court). Also, the powers of a magistrate to order a beating are extremely limited.

(3) "Further, it appears that a White motorist has no liability for damage to native cattle on the road." The law as to legal liability to trespassing cattle is not simple, but Miss Richard may rest assured that it is the same for all races here.

(4) "A native found drunk is promptly jailed. A European in the same state is helped home by native servants." I have seen many drunken natives being helped home. I have helped one of my own servants to bed when he was drunk (nor was he jailed, ill-treated or even dismissed). Drunks in Kenya are arrested if they are drunk and disorderly in a public place. Both natives and Europeans have frequently spent the night in the cells here.

(5) "A native carrying a parcel is liable to be stopped by the police and jailed if the parcel is found to contain European clothing." A native cannot be jailed for having European clothing. He may only be jailed if the parcel contains *stolen* clothing. The distinction is simple but important. Any member of any race may be jailed for receiving stolen goods or stealing.

(6) "I also was frustrated in Nairobi by not being allowed to return invitations from Indian friends . . . as, being coloured, they were not allowed to attend any European hotel or tea room." It is true that many hotels and tea rooms in Nairobi are for Europeans only. Regrettable though this may be, there are other hotels and restaurants which impose no colour bar. I frequently lunch with Indian friends in one of Nairobi's largest hotels, and also at two of the best restaurants here.

Miss Richard appears to have seen many cases of brutality in a short time. I do not know where she was staying at the time. For my part, during five years in the colony I have seen no cases of brutality.

We in Kenya have ceased to expect either sympathy or understanding from home, but surely it is not too much to ask for a minimum of accuracy from persons making statements likely to bring us into disrepute.

Nairobi. J. GLEDTRICH

[Helen Richard writes: "Since writing my letter, I have heard from my M.P., Mr. Hamilton Kerr, to whom I had also written, that it is contrary to law in Kenya for corporal punishment to be dealt out by employers to their native workers. As the 'Beating Recipe' was given to me—a newcomer—by a prominent old settler quite openly over the tea-table with several other people present, this law does not seem to be generally known."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THIS ENGLAND?

SIR,—I have only just seen in your "This England" column in your issue of December 27 a reprint of a report in a Sussex newspaper quoting me as having asked an audience at a public meeting, "If they could name, on the spur of the moment, any article which had gone up in the last six months."

This was not the question that I asked. Since the report was published, I have taken steps to correct the mistake that was made.

After explaining to the audience that the Conservative Government has allowed the price of rationed foods to rise by about 1s. 4½d. per head per week, by making a heavy reduction in the food subsidies, I explained that this rise has been more than off-set for most people by greatly increased Social Services and lower taxation, and still further off-set by higher wages for those who have had wage increases.

The question that I asked the audience was whether anybody could name, on the spur of the moment, any retail household article, other than food, that had gone up in price during 1952. The only article that any member of the audience named was coal; though there are no doubt some others.

My object in asking this question was to draw attention to the terrible rise in the cost of living which all of us, particularly the poorest people, suffered during six years of Socialist misrule, and to contrast this with the steadying in the cost of living that occurred during 1952 under the Conservatives. TUFTON BEAMISH

House of Commons.

CHRISTIAN NAMES

SIR,—The objection of Miss Raine, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Stewer, Mr. Gurney and all to the use of their Christian names makes me wonder whether Sig. Buonarroti and Sig. da Vinci feel huffy in heaven at the familiarity with which we bandy their first names about; and Masaccio has cause to be very angry that we have even forgotten his surname and always refer to him by his impertinent corruption meaning "big, clumsy Tom." On the other hand, van Gogh is probably sad that we haven't taken the hint of the signature to his canvases and called him just "Vincent." Is, perhaps, a whole reconsideration of the nomenclature of the great an urgent subject for Unesco?

32 Shepherd Market, W.1. MICHAEL SWAN

SIR,—K. Raine doesn't know when she is lucky. Last year 197 people slapped me on the back and addressed me as "Lionel." In fairness may I add, that this did not include Lord (formerly Sir Jack) Simon.

House of Commons. LESLIE HALE

LOOKING BACK

SIR,—The old year is finished, but John Berger appears to be suffering from a hang-over. His remorse is, of course, his own affair, but since the misdeeds of the Glasgow Art Gallery are on his mind, it is not possible to be indifferent. He would like to forget the acquisition of the Dali "Crucifixion." I do not think he will ever succeed in doing so, but I implore him not to take it so much to heart.

From direct—but mostly indirect—evidence, we know that among the "aesthetic toffs" we are not, at the moment, held in high regard. It is hinted that, through a deplorable act of indecent independence, we have let the side down. But I wish John Berger would seek us out and maybe discover something to make him forgive where he cannot forget. He might find that although in Glasgow we do not follow the Critics' Union Code, we are fairly high up in the Illiterate League.

It appears that he is a Degas fan. We can show him twenty-four examples, and in other ways try to create in him a better mood for 1953. If, alas, he belongs to that School of Critics which refuses to believe there is anything worth seeing or hearing north of Manchester, we shall sustain ourselves with the hope that one day he may find a lost week-end in these parts.

Glasgow Art Gallery. T. J. HONEYMAN, *Director.*

JINGLE AND BOSWELL

SIR,—I am taking advantage of your Competition No. 1,191 to ask if any of your readers would agree with me that there is sufficient resemblance between Jingle's speech and that of Captain Irwin as reported by Dr. Johnson in Boswell's great book to warrant the supposition that Dickens had been reading Boswell prior to writing *Pickwick Papers*. Here is the Irwin passage as it appears in my Boswell:—

Captain Irwin with us.—Spain. County town all beggars.—At Dijon he could not find the way to Orleans.—Cross roads of France very bad.—Five soldiers. — Woman. — Soldiers escaped. — The Colonel would not lose five men for the death of one woman.—The magistrate cannot seize a soldier but by the Colonel's permission.—Good inn at Nimes.—Moors of Barbary fond of Englishmen.—Gibraltar eminently healthy;—it has beef from Barbary.—There is a large garden.—Soldiers sometimes fall from the rock.

Much of Johnson's notes written on his tour in France resembles the above; but Irwin provides the best Jingleism. Dickens saw possibilities.

H. WALLACE HILL

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Books in General

In middle age Jane Welsh Carlyle was asked to write a book on Woman. There was no need to do so; in her letters to Carlyle written every few days during their many separations and estrangements, she was deep in the subject. We had an excellent edition of these letters three years ago, edited by Lady Bliss, and now she gives us the complementary volume: Carlyle's letters* to his wife, very many of which have not been published before, though biographers have, of course, seen them. These letters are his unconscious essay on man. It is the common opinion that if Mrs. Carlyle is one of the wittiest letter writers in the language, Carlyle himself is even better. In the brilliance of satirical domestic chatter, spun (as she said) out of nothing, she is more varied than he is. She is more volatile and she does not identify her woes with the woes of the universe. Her picture of mid-Victorian life among clever people, indeed the cleverest, is incomparable but she is interested in people alone. Life, for her, is a glittering personal warfare with pen, tea-spoon and tongue. She is a great sacker of maids and cheerer-up of conspirators; her pride is all the more touchy for being good-humoured; she won't be patronised and she won't stand for the income tax. She is always hitting people off, polishing them off and packing them off too, especially if they are women, and she has a special taste for attracting other people's husbands in order to discomfort their wives. And she records these domestic ambushes with the gay asperity of a woman whose eye suggests she can go a good deal further if she is provoked.

In *his* letters to her, Carlyle has the larger subjects, the louder complaints. When he picks up the "mystical", traveller in the coach, it is a serious business; he has his gloomy, solitary conviction of genius, his almost terrible need of love and his stoical courage, at any rate in the two early disasters of his life: the rejection of *Sartor Resartus* after years of work and the famous burning of the manuscript of the first part of *The French Revolution*. Even his jealous ridicule of every other writer in England has a primitive compulsion about it, something universal and visionary, though what makes these items so wounding is that they are so wickedly visual. Carlyle wished to be a prophet living in a wilderness created by his ridicule and anathemas, a wilderness of comic scorn. His belief that we have an innate sense of right and wrong handed down to us by Nature from the Eternal; his conviction, as he smokes a cigar in the bitter wind at Stonehenge, that the builders were sunk in error, are at once majestic and absurd. His genius thrives on a lack of a sense of proportion: the misery of sea-bathing or stomach ache is indistinguishable from the lamentable state of man. In personal love, he is passionate, tender, expecting to be obeyed; in the early letters he delights in trifles and, even later on, when the despondency of ill-health lifts, there is something like mountain sunshine, delicate, sane and serene in his nature. Mrs. Carlyle had the right word for their dreadful gift of tongues. "We are both" she said "too vivid."

* *Thomas Carlyle: Letters to his wife.* Edited by Trudy Bliss. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

Carlyle's great organ growl goes romping and burning up. It rises quickly to the full, habitual diapason of his terrible melancholy. His humour gives it a hard edge. A veal and ham pie, a day in a coach, a night with a friend, bring out the biliousness, the insomnia, the pills and the castor oil. His self-pity is appalling, it is sometimes given an almost sadistic irony; his eye seems to glint when he speaks of being "distressed to fully the average extent." He says "What can I do but write to you even if I were not bound by the natural law of the wayfarer? It is my course whenever I am out of sorts or in low spirits among strangers, emphatically my case just now in this closet of a House among rains and Highland moors, with a nervous system all 'dadded about' by coach travel, rail travel, multiplied confusion and finally by an almost sleepless night." The irony has the masochist's or hypochondriac's vanity in it. Once he has hit the epic level in that phrase, "multiplied confusion," relief follows and a letter of brilliant impressions two thousand words long. Carlyle's defeats are his victories. A prophet, one is inclined to say, marches on his stomach.

After these differences between the correspondents, one must be struck by the similarities. *Her* picture of Mrs. Hunt drunkish on the cushions must be compared with his laughing caricatures of Lamb, Godwin and Emerson, yet at heart, his laughter is affectionate. He is a great comic writer and he did not regard the comic art as destructive which, indeed, in its true mode it cannot be. There is a common taste for complaint, a common pleasure in nervous upsets, a common restlessness, loneliness and a joint, canny concern with what is domestic. At her most jealous and spiteful, when she is weakened by drugs and drained by hysteria, Mrs. Carlyle always believes in his genius, if she jeers at its behaviour. And he, at his most selfish and unreasonable, always believes in her love. They are great letter writers perhaps because their letters were written out of an overwhelming need for the sound of the other's voice. They lose all control if the post is late. Their desire for each other's writing is nothing short of an appetite; it is the physical necessity of people who, though always surrounded by friends, are by nature lonely. One important sign shows at once in his letters from London, when she was left behind at Craigenputtock: she is already jealous. She fears some other brilliant woman will have got hold of her genius and Carlyle tries to tease her out of it. About jealousy there is nothing to be done. Perhaps Mrs. Carlyle's is the jealousy of the woman who has married beneath her, but in the immense faith in the superiority of her lover's genius; perhaps it was the instinctive weapon of a woman who had been absolutely dominated, for Carlyle always, obstinately and in every detail got his way. He had yielded nothing at all to her in the difficult arrangements about their marriage. He showed even alarming signs of detachment. Again, he yielded nothing to her in his relationship with Lady Ashburton. He was like stone when he was struck on the intimate sense of right and wrong. He was always right. If we pity Mrs. Carlyle here or even take her side, as Lady Bliss does in her introduction to this volume, we cannot but remember that Mrs. Carlyle had taken great pleasure in tormenting other women. Her faculty for jealousy goes back to her childhood, and almost certainly can be traced to her passion for her father and her warfare—followed by dreadful remorse—with her mother. Jealousy was, indeed, her misery, but human nature is elusive when the moralist tries to mark it out in black and white; for out of this jealousy Mrs. Carlyle's pride created the tremendous success of Cheyne Row when, as people said, she skimmed the cream of London. She made herself as sought after as her husband and many a man who came to hear the sage ended by being inveigled by the "glegness" of the learned siren who never, as Thackeray lamented, forgot her brains.

The excellence of Carlyle's letters comes from his energy, his vanity and his visual talent. He struggles towards one like some mythical figure emerging from the fog. The very asses whose braying disturbs his nights take on a mixture of the Biblical and the sardonic. One catches him at the birth of ideas, in the struggle for the word. He could "almost swear at *The French Revolution*" and

> kick (it) out of doors; at least most swiftly equip for walking out of doors . . . . *Speranza*, thou 'Spairkin' Goody. Hope, my little Lassie, it will all be better than thou thinkest! . . . . Louis is to be tried and guillotined; Then the *Gironde*, etc., etc.: it all stands pretty fair in my head; nor do I mean to *investigate* much more about it, but splash down what I know in large masses of colours; that it may look like a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance which it is.

Or

> Cromwell is with me the fit subject of a Book, could I only say what Book. I must yet hang by *him*. But, indeed, if I live, a new epoch will have to unfold itself with me; there *are* new things, and as yet no new dialect for them.

Dialect: he used language as a forceps. This wrestling points to what the poet in Carlyle most needed: the exaltation of storm.

> It was a day of tempestuous wind, but the sun occasionally shone, the country was grim-bright, the hills of an almost spiritual clearness, and broad swift storms of hail came dashing down from them on this hand and that. It was a kind of preternatural walk, full of sadness, full of purity. The Scaur Water, the clearest I ever saw except one, came brawling down; the voice of it, like the lamentation among the winds, answering me, as the voice of a brother wanderer and lamenter, wanderer like me thro' a certain portion of Eternity and Infinite Space.

The next sentence lands us inevitably into self-pity; egotism punctures Carlyle's epics and where the epic manner mostly engages us is on the mixed and lower levels of grotesque and comedy. There is, for example, the absurd train scene when a courting couple obviously thought him funny:

> I myself was in somewhat sulphurous condition, not handy to quarrel with. One of them, my fellow-passenger in the railway, took it into his head to smile visibly when I laid off my white broadbrim and suddenly produced out of my pocket my grey glengarry . . . . I looked straight into his smiling eyes, a look which I suppose enquired of him, 'Miserable tenth part of the fraction of a tailor, art thou sure thou hast the right to laugh at me?"—the smile instantly died into another expression of emotion.

Carlyle was a Swift, but born into the wrong time—the letters do a little recall the *Journal*

to Stella. We shall remember the savage portrait of "Baronet Salusbury, an unbounded talker, clack-clack, with a flavour of orthodox wit, twaddler, smaller than the poorest penny-wheep, whose spectacles made one eye look as big as a bullock's." But we shall put this beside a subtle picture of the aristocracy when he went to stay with Monckton Milnes. Those sisters of "a grave, slightly *ligneous* politeness, stiff in their Tory theorems, in their saintships, etc., not without a dash of gigmanity!" And how we know that other figure, the head of the family:

> lean, grey-haired, rather lame, reading alone in a large Old Library . . . of a fluttery, nervous temperament, of much embarrassment, timidity, at times a kind of momentary stutter even, thro' all which his natural intelligence and honesty (cased, too, in some disappointed pride, gigmanity, country Toryism) shines out, very considerably constricted . . . he seems to fear the embarrassment of me.

In his defensive way, Carlyle gives us excellent miniatures of aristocratic life in the nineteenth century: he caught the idea and the idiom at once and, even when he was in an over-flattered condition, succumbed to its taste for the pointless personal anecdote.

Mrs. Carlyle was quite right in her bitter way; "they" had won him over. The aristocracy were to be the "guiding class" and after the sight of Merthyr Tydfil in 1850, where there was no aristocracy but only Ironmasters and 50,000 industrial slaves, and the only gentleman in the town, an innkeeper, Carlyle could be excused for believing in the innocence of owning land. Moreover, when one looks at Carlyle's political writing, from its Radicalism to its anti-Radicalism, one sees that his attraction to the Victorians was not political or ideological, but in the heady sense of destiny or role which he gave to people who were in total bewilderment about what to do, and who felt that, under industrialism, they were losing identity. But there is not much of this in the Letters. In a detail as fine as hers, in a temper as belligerent, Carlyle's are the male complement. "To whom can we complain if not to one another after all," he wrote. It is a lover's complaint, unbearably touching, unbearably unjust, which contrives also to contain the portrait of an age.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CIRCE: THE FALCON

To be sung to a traditional ballad tune

I wish I was a bird again.
To fill his sight with golden eyes,
To draw him out into the Bay
And be his falcon for a day.

I wish to circle his dark form,
As love, invisibly go by,
Fly in, around his savage rocks
That hide our timbered nest and flocks.

I wish to free his mind of fear,
Float bells and shells upon the air,
To see his boat rejoice with spray
And hear him sing to clouds that stray.

But I am just an old grey crone,
Whose feathers are but dusty bone,
He's gone away far out of sight
And left me in the Bay's bleak light.

LYNETTE ROBERTS

TWO ATTEMPTS AT THE IMPOSSIBLE

Poems of Baudelaire. Translated by ROY CAMPBELL. *Harvill Press.* 21*s.*

The Drunken Boat. Thirty-six poems by ARTHUR RIMBAUD. Translated by BRIAN HILL. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It has been known for centuries that the translation of verse is a hopeless task. All fluent, enjoyable versions of foreign poetry are what Voltaire, I think, called *de belles infidèles;* they are poems in their own right, having only uncertain connections with the foreign originals. "Faithful" renderings are, for the most part, prosaic. The nature of language and poetry being what it is, there is no way out of this dilemma, at least with regard to French and English. I have never come across any English translation of French poetry that combined a rendering of the exact meaning of the original with a re-creation of its poetic quality, over more than a line or two here and there. Yet people go on trying to translate verse, perhaps more through a desire to pay despairing homage to their favourite poets than in the hope of introducing them to the English reader. And when we know the foreign poet, we open their versions eagerly to see how far they have climbed up the unscalable wall.

Mr. Campbell is modest about his Baudelaire. Unlike his St. John of the Cross, it was written, he says, without supernatural aid. He has been reading Baudelaire since the age of fifteen and feels that he has shared the poet's fate, although he lacks his "towering gifts." Certainly a great deal of work has gone into this volume and our first remark must be that the gist of the meaning is, on the whole, there. I have noticed only a few clear misreadings; "delicate monster" for *monstre délicat* (fastidious), "alcove" for *cloison* (wall), "embalm" for *embaumer* (to scent), "rake" for *râtelier* (rack, manger), "fiddles" for *hautbois* (oboes). Other points can be argued about; I feel that *approfondir le secret douloureux*, at the end of *La Vie Antérieure* means "to get to the bottom of the painful secret" not "to increase the anguish of secret grief."

These are minor points. But we are soon aware of the usual, serious deficiencies of verse translation. The sense is deliberately twisted to make the lines scan, so that *Mainte fleur épanche à regret* becomes "And many a flower, to heal regret." Tautology creeps in; "dark and shady," "meditate and muse," "damp, rainy clime"; and pretentious lines replace the simpler original,

Et mes yeux dans le noir devinaient tes prunelles
And as my eyes astrologised your own.

These changes quickly demolish Baudelaire. Of the score or so of supreme masterpieces in *Les Fleurs du Mal*, not one escapes wreckage. The Frenchman's intense, vibrant lines, as good as the best Shakespeare, are emptied of their substance, so that instead of

Que ton sein m'était doux; que ton coeur m'était bon!
Nous avons dit souvent d'impérissables choses,

we get

Your breast how soft! Your heart how good and whole!
We spoke eternal things that cannot die.

Mr. Campbell cannot give us the solemn echo of Baudelaire's verse, just as he cannot give us his general sensuousness. In the best of the three Cat poems, the marvellous lines, full of purring r's and so expressive of deep, tingling delight—

Me remplit comme un vers nombreux
Et me rejouit comme un philtre—

are reduced to nothing:

Fills me with poems, like a book,
And fortifies me like a philtre.

Nor has he succeeded in rendering Baudelaire's feeling for the female body.

La très chère était nue et connaissant mon coeur
Elle n'avait gardé que ses bijoux sonores

becomes

My well-beloved was stripped. Knowing my whim
She wore her tinkling gems, but naught besides—

which is good in its own way, but replaces a splendid odalisque by the kind of little woman who "pops into bed." *La Géante* is also muffed, apart from the last line, *Une Charogne* is a failure, *La Mort des Amants* contains the jingle, reminiscent of a popular song:

One evening made of mystic rose and blue,
I will exchange a lightning flash with you.

But the outstanding example of misrepresentation is in *L'Invitation au Voyage*. This is surely one of Baudelaire's greatest poems, crowded with meaning and feeling, and hushed and rapt in tone. Yet Mr. Campbell makes it begin:

My daughter, my sister
Consider the vista
Of living out there, you and I—

which sounds like an address to a G.I. bride, about to be taken to Texas. However, to say that Mr. Campbell's translation is, on the whole, a shambles, is not to be fiercely critical. Hardly anyone could do better, and most of us would do far worse. It is a fascinating shambles, in which there are flashes of beauty. The first fourteen lines of the second Spleen poem are extraordinarily good, and one or two other admirable passages can be found, such as the refrain of *Jet d'Eau*:

Its sheaf uprears
A myriad flowers
While Phoebe sheers
Through pearl-flushed hours,
To rain down tears
In glittering showers.

Mr. Hill, too, has produced a noble and interesting failure. The eminent people, whose help he acknowledges in his preface, have let him

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down, because there is a howler in the fourth poem, *Roman*:

Un beau soir, foin des bocks et de la limonade!

means "One fine evening, away with beer and lemonade" not, as he writes, "A lovely night; beer-harvest, lemonade." But this elementary mistake is not typical. Parts of the translation are both accurate and good, *e.g.*:

You are in love! Hired for a month at least.
You are in love! With verses you beset her.
She laughs; your friends deplore your lack of taste;
Then your adored one night writes you a letter . . .

Some of Rimbaud's poems are, of course, much more indefinite than Baudelaire's, so that towards the end of the book, Mr. Hill goes to the length of re-writing them, using the French simply as a starting-point:

O changing year
O shrines sky-built!
Whose secret soul
Is free from guilt?

is nice enough, but a good deal more religious than

O saisons, O châteaux,
Quelle âme est sans défauts?

Perhaps the chief interest of these two volumes is that they force those readers who already know the originals to read them again and to marvel once more at their beauty, their richness and their ambiguity.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

SIR MICHAEL SADLER

Achievement in Education. By LYNDA GRIER. *Constable.* 30*s.*

During its period of extraordinarily rapid growth from 1895 to 1930 few people were concerned with English education in a greater variety of ways than was Michael Sadler. His career in adult education, in the Department of Education, as a professor, as the Vice-Chancellor of a new university, and as the head of a college at Oxford, brought him into contact successively with the main points of growth of the "silent social revolution." It is appropriate, therefore, that the personal memoir written by his son should now be followed by another biography specifically concerned with Sadler's actual work and relating his achievement to the history of education. The task has been admirably carried out by Miss Lynda Grier.

Sadler's career began with the organisation of the Oxford Extension movement, to which he brought all the idealism of Rugby and a First in Greats. He moved on in 1895 to be head of the new branch for Special Inquiries in the Education Department, that Committee of the Privy Council soon to become the Board of Education, and in that position he did some of his most valuable work in a series of studies in comparative education. He entered the Civil Service at a moment when nothing less than a complete reform of education, particularly of secondary education, was inevitable. Sadler's own interest in such a reconstruction had been fortified by his membership of the Bryce commission. It seemed likely, certainly to Sadler himself, that he would play a major part in the creation of the new order, that he would, indeed, be the Permanent Secretary of the new department. In fact his hopes were completely disappointed. In 1903 he resigned from a Board of Education over which his former assistant reigned. It is tempting for the biographer of Sadler to see behind this failure no other cause than the alleged careerism and ruthlessness of Sir Robert Morant. Actually, in describing this celebrated if obscure chapter of Civil Service history, Miss Grier has obviously tried very hard to be fair. The impression emerges of a conflict between a quite exceptionally able man who knew exactly what he wanted and the far less clear-cut vision of a well-intentioned and knowledgeable amateur. Morant certainly knew what kind of secondary education the 1902 Act must create. It must not be elementary, and he was, therefore, prepared to destroy the higher grade schools: it must be academic and not technical: and those who failed to share his vision must go. The actual occasion for Sadler's departure was his demand for something like autonomy for his "research" activities within the Board. But beneath this particular problem there lay an insoluble clash of temperaments; one office was too small to hold two personalities at once so ambitious and so different as those of Sadler and Morant. It is a tribute to Miss Grier's account of this important episode that it leaves one wishing for a new and adequate study of Morant.

From the Board Sadler passed to the Chair of Education at Manchester. It is a pity he did not take this more seriously, for had he done so he might have left a valuable impression on the academic study of education and on its literature, and one that it sorely needs. But half his mind was on administration and more than half his time was given to advising the new Local Education Authorities. His professorship was only an interlude until he went to Leeds as Vice-Chancellor in 1911. Here again there are no obvious signs that Sadler thought out at all clearly what a provincial University should become. But he did realise two important principles: that such an institution must be closely related to its civic and regional background, and, more important, that a new University must take special pains to be humane; that it must be a centre not only of learning, but of sweetness and light, and that the influences of art and music were vital for the kind of students that it would get. And finally Sadler returned to Oxford where his love of beauty and of people could expand and flourish unchecked.

The impression left by Sadler's life is not one of complete success. Besides the major conflict and defeat of his early years, he was bitterly disappointed that Fisher, and not he, was made President of the Board. But more important than these specific mortifications is the feeling that the reader of this biography must experience, that Sadler left far less behind him than he wished as a permanent record of his talents. The service of education demands the idealist, the scholar and the administrator. Very rarely are they united in one person, and in Sadler, as revealed here, one is conscious that his attempt to combine them led to a diffusion of effort that made him less effective than he might have been as an educational force. In a time of immense educational growth he was not quite enough of an educational philosopher to see clearly the ultimate ends that should be striven for, nor enough of an administrator to devise and create the means. His greatest strength was that he obviously kindled idealism and devotion in many of those who knew him, and it must be agreed that this is no mean achievement. It cannot have been easy to make these very personal gifts emerge against a background of change and controversy in every branch of education. Miss Grier can be congratulated on her success in having done so.

ERIC JAMES

GEORGE III: NEW VERSION

King George III and the Politicians. By RICHARD PARES. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Truth sometimes triumphs. If a candidate for a history degree had put forward the views expressed in this book fifteen or twenty years ago, he would have been ploughed. Now Richard Pares can preach the full Namier gospel in the Ford lectures—as he says, "the highest honour which an English historian can receive"—and not a dog barks. Gone for ever are the days when, having taught my pupils the truth about eighteenth-century politics, I had to add: "of course, you must not say this in the examination. Professor X is on the board." The old Whig view is said to flourish still at Cambridge; this may be malicious gossip.

In the old version, still to be found in textbooks, George III was a tyrant, who in G. M. Trevelyan's phrase "made a determined attempt to recover the lost Powers of the Crown." He found the virtuous Whigs in office, wilfully expelled them, and ruled through King's Friends and Tories. His "personal rule" lost us the American colonies; and the two-party system, an essential part of the British constitution, was not restored until the Whigs carried the great Reform Bill in 1832. These legends were invented by Fox and Burke, or perhaps by Horace Walpole; Macaulay learnt them at Holland House and bequeathed them to his successors. Sir Lewis Namier first challenged the traditional view some twenty-five years ago; he was reinforced by Mr. Romney Sedgwick and the American Professor D. G. Barnes. Now the controversy is over. Professor Pares writes without polemics, assuming the essential Namier doctrines as easily as earlier historians assumed Macaulay's.

This is not to imply that these lectures are an echo of other work. The reign of George III is given a fresh interpretation from start to finish for the first time; and Mr. Pares often ranges forward even to the Great Reform Bill. Indeed this is the only book in existence of which one can say: "here is a reliable account of how England was governed between 1760 and 1832." Besides, the book is full of wit and gaiety, enlivened with anecdote and a delight to read; it certainly applies the principle that historians should write well. Professor Pares has performed an incomparable service to modern history.

The essence of the new version is easy to grasp. There were in the eighteenth century no parties as we understand them; there were factions and sectional interests. George III did not try to recover the powers of the Crown; he had to discharge functions which had always existed. It was his duty to see that England was governed; and, faced with the unruly politicians, he did not find it easy. His relations with them resembled those of Stalin with the Politburo (or whatever it is now called) much more than they resembled those of Elizabeth II with the modern British Cabinet. The King had to choose the ministers; there was no one else to do it. Of course, some ambitious politicians thought that the King ought to be merely a "cover" for themselves; but this had nothing to do with a party-system in the modern sense. Personal monarchy could decline only when parties, based on rival principles, took its place; and for that we have to wait until the nineteenth century.

Mr. Pares hints here and there a disagreement with the great Sir Lewis. He rates George III rather higher and suggests, as against Mr. Romney Sedgwick, that there had been a real decline in the power of the Crown during the reign of George II. I venture in this field with some hesitation and no expert knowledge. But I sometimes wonder whether the new version has not swung a little too far in the opposite direction from Macaulay and Charles James Fox. Admittedly, there were no organised parties in the eighteenth century; admittedly most men were in politics for advancement and the fun of the thing; admittedly the only real differences were over foreign affairs. But had the names Whig and Tory come to mean nothing at all? If so, why were they so easily revived at the beginning of the nineteenth century? We find it difficult to understand what the Whigs of George III's reign meant by Whiggism; but they did not. The Glorious Revolution of 1688 remained glorious for a century afterwards. Mr. Pares writes scathingly of Charles James Fox and implies that his only concern was to carry on a personal vendetta against George III. I rub my eyes and ask—can this be the same man who carried Fox's Libel Act and set an example of liberalism in wartime that has never been surpassed? When Fox welcomed the fall of the Bastille, was he merely thinking that this was another blow against monarchy and so against George III? In short, was there only a Fox legend and never a Fox reality? Or, on the other side, when Dr. Johnson called himself a Tory, was this a bit of literary tomfoolery? It hardly fits in with Johnson's sensible character. In short, if party principles did not exist in the eighteenth century, how did parties originate in the nineteenth? Mr. Pares does not give the answer; and perhaps there is none to give. But he has given us a book of the highest quality, and done a great service to historical scholarship.

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THE WASTE LAND MAPPED

T. S. Eliot: A Bibliography. By DONALD GALLUP. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Henry James left America to live in England, and so did T. S. Eliot; this country gave to each, in the Order of Merit, her highest intellectual honour. Yet, in the Library of Harvard University, America today possesses the finest collection of James papers and can claim, after Mr. John Hayward's, the most complete Eliot library. Professor Matthiessen of that university wrote the first major commentary on Eliot and produced that work of formidable scholarship, *The Notebooks of Henry James*. And now from Yale comes this scholarly and fascinating bibliography, which exhaustively lists Eliot's books, reviews, articles and gramophone recordings, and translations of his works; but which does not include writings on Eliot. It is full of curious and interesting information. I myself was delighted with entry C365:

> [A review of] The Mystical Doctrine of St. John of the Cross. *Criterion*, XIII, 53 (July, 1934) 709-10. Signed, erroneously: T. McG.

And it would be intriguing to know in which "English periodical early in 1916" appeared "a review of *The Titans*, by Charles M. Doughty; signed: T.S.E."

This, however, is by no means a book for scholars and collectors only. There is a great deal in it for the plain reader of Eliot: it will not add to such a reader's experience of the poetry, but it will increase his awareness of the range of Eliot's work and the extent of his audience.

In reviewing this book for this journal, I turned first to the section of *Contributions to Periodicals* and traced a long association with the various journals which have been absorbed by THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Very early in the list, following contributions to the *Harvard Advocate*, comes a review of Paul Elmer More's *Aristocracy and Justice* in the *New Statesman* in June, 1916—the first English periodical for which Mr. Eliot regularly reviewed. Then follow, in 1916 and 1917, several reviews and articles in the *New Statesman*—on Leacock's Essays, on a biography of Giordano Bruno, on *Vers Libre* and other subjects. In 1916, with reviews of George Wyndham's *Essays in Romantic Literature* and Kipling's *The Years Between*, began a long association with the *Athenaeum*, which continued after that paper was merged with the *Nation*. With Mr. Gallup to supply the references, I have looked up some of these reviews and caught again the characteristic tone of voice: "I am not sure," Mr. Eliot writes towards the end of a review of books on Blake, "that there is any such thing as 'mystical' poetry. Mysticism, after all, and whatever we think of it, is a whole-time job; and so is poetry." On Chesterton he is firm:—he is reviewing G.K.C.'s *Stevenson*:

> I admit that I have always found Mr. Chesterton's style exasperating to the last point of endurance . . . He seems always to assume that what his reader has previously believed is exactly the opposite of what Mr. Chesterton knows to be true. Readers who like an easy formula may find this attitude delightful; for they have only to stand on their heads to find themselves in agreement with Mr. Chesterton.

Or, of Chesterton's cheerfulness: "He appears less like a saint radiating spiritual visions than a 'busman slapping himself on a frosty day."

Mr. Gallup's bare mention of the *Criterion* Commentaries remind us regretfully of those rigorous quarterly invitations to think above our usual sloppy level, to pursue argument without blinkers, to remember that literature does not end at Dover—in short, not to be provincial.

If this *Periodicals* section makes clear what we lost when Mr Eliot ceased to be a regular critic and commentator, the first section, on *Books and Pamphlets*, and the fourth, on *Translations*, strikingly bring home how far his creative works have penetrated. The size of each first edition is, where possible, given. Thus 500 copies were printed of *Prufrock* by the *Egoist* in 1917; "about 200" of *Poems* were "printed and published by L. & V. Woolf at the Hogarth Press in 1919," and "about 460" of the first English edition of *The Waste Land* in 1923 (Boni and Liveright had published a thousand in New York the previous year). In 1925 Faber and Gwyer published 1,460 copies of *Poems, 1909-1925*; in 1930, Faber and Faber 2,000 of *Ash Wednesday*; in 1935, 3,000 of *Murder in the Cathedral*; in 1936, 6,000 of *Collected Poems, 1909-1935* (4,700 in America); in 1944, 6,000 of *Four Quartets*; in 1950, 19,950 of *The Cocktail Party* (10,000 in America).

The Waste Land, which it is still reasonable to consider the most difficult of Mr. Eliot's poems, was translated in the Twenties into German, French and Dutch; in the Thirties into Spanish, Chinese, Italian and Persian; into Hebrew (1940), Swedish (1942), Polish (1946), Czech (1947), Danish (1948), Finnish, Norwegian, and Greek (all in 1949), while new French and Dutch versions appeared in 1947 and 1949. *The Cocktail Party* was translated within a year of publication into Danish, Dutch, Finnish, German, Japanese, Norwegian, Spanish and Swedish.

Can we explain how this poet, whose name was in the Twenties—and still is, in some circles—a synonym for obscurity and esotericism, should have been able to reach readers so far beyond his own language, culture, and background? I would suggest one reason; which is only part of a whole answer. Yeats died a few months before the war; Valéry died not long after it, his great work far behind him. Eliot was the only major poet in Europe to come through the war with his poetic vitality unimpaired, the only poet to write his greatest work during the war. There is evidence in the bibliography that he discharged the marginal war services that are demanded of authors, such as lectures in neutral countries, or forewords to national exhibitions. But the *Quartets* written in the war years have nothing of this topicality—no one has ever judged more clearly the limits of rendering unto Caesar. In demanding Eliot's poetry so widely after the war, were readers in Europe and America, readers in countries now the far side of the Iron Curtain, acknowledging the poet who, in the years of destruction, the years of planning, had the will and the energy to create?

JANET ADAM SMITH

MR. WAUGH'S PALESTINE

The Holy Places. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Queen Anne Press.* 15*s.*

The least convincing element in this interesting study (finely printed, and bound in pontificial scarlet buckram) is its *entrée en matière*, the Empress Helena; whose life details—allowed to be mostly "surmise"—are propped by so many "probablys," "conceivablys," "may have beens," "almost certainlys" and "we can assumes" as to recall Swift's irreverent

> All the book of Moses
> Is nothing but supposes.

Even so, Mr. Waugh's "lonely, resolute old woman" does stand out among those who have achieved.

His appreciations are balanced and just: the British Administration was "the purest and the most benevolent Government which the land had known since the age of Constantine"; and though his arraignment of H.M.G.'s final *gran rifiuto* of "a large, well-found force, barely scratched in battle, decamping before a little gang of gunmen," is surely an over-simplification, omitting all reference to the attitudes of our greater Ally, many will agree that "Palestine is no longer a land where an Englishman can walk with pride."

Similarly, he discounts Judaism, "the religion of a particular people, a system of rites and social habits," for (admittedly) not being "a world religion" in the universal sense of Christianity and Islam—as if either of these, or still less Palestine, were separable from or imaginable without Judaism! Nor is he entirely consistent; on p. 16 "one voice only, that of the Pope, speaks of 'internationalisation' as the only proper solution for Jerusalem"; three pages later, "when internationalisation comes, it will be easy to separate" the great platform of the Temple area

"from the Zone and make it an integral part of the Arab Kingdom."

His Pilgrim's instinct, which he rightly terms an affair of the heart rather than of the head, is balanced and sure; remote indeed from either of the categories recorded by your reviewer: the ecstatic, who prostrate themselves at every site (even when two or three are credited with the same event), and the sceptical, who explain away evidence which they would have accepted implicitly for Tiberius or Shakespeare. "Certainly," he lays down, "no one accepts as *de fide* the authenticity of all." But it is equally "certain that the vast majority of the spots venerated today were those identified by a living tradition in the Fourth Century, and have been continuously recognised ever since."

To the good Franciscan Friars, interested in "no association later than the Apostles," he is at once less and more than just. The discovery (in an evil hour) of traces of foundations said to date from Justinian were enough to touch off one particularly bricks-and-mortar-minded *Custode di Terra Santa:* witness the nine black pimple domes of the shiny basilica inflicted, despite a protesting Military Governor, upon the blessed and unspoilt grass and olives of Gethsemane.

The book ends with a moving account of a night spent in the great Sepulchre Cathedral, and a concluding paragraph profound to the verge of inspiration.

RONALD STORRS

NEW NOVELS

The Blue Hussar. By ROGER NIMIER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Who Goes Home. By MAURICE EDELMAN. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Time of the Assassins. By GODFREY BLUNDEN. *Cape.* 15*s.*
Invisible Man. By RALPH ELLISON. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

These four novels are a diverse lot: a French firework display from M. Nimier, a creamy piece of Englishry from Mr. Edelman, a *tour de force of* Russian war-reporting from Mr. Blunden, and a noisy American race-problem number from Mr. Ellison. Let us take them seriatim.

M. Nimier, his publishers tell us, is twenty-seven, and not satisfied with having published four novels, has edited a magazine, *Opéra,* which, "during its stormy career, was the talk of Paris." Well, it's a talkative place, of course; but from this novel alone it is clear that M. Nimier is a writer of considerable energy with a play of ideas and perceptions. If the energy is somewhat unorganised and the play directed to the gallery the result is still interesting and entertaining. We are concerned with a Hussar regiment of the French Army, engaged with the *Wehrmacht* at the time of the German retreat in 1945, and subsequently forming part of the occupying forces. There are many former Resistance men in the Blue Hussars, both Gaullist and Communist, and also former *milices*; there is a Pétainist colonel; there is—on attached service, naturally—the mistress of another senior officer; there is a homosexual Captain; and finally there is the eighteen-year-old St. Anne, the particular Blue Hussar of M. Nimier's title. The author devotes a good deal of space to fighting, death, wounds, burning, and rape, but as he adopts the brisk and formally brutal tone appropriate to a cavalryman, the impact is muffled. Even so, and although the year is young, it may well be that *The Blue Hussar* contains the best rape-scene of 1953. One feels that, when he was writing this novel, M. Nimier was sometimes at a loss what to say next, and when this happened, he fell back upon trying to shock the audience, not so much by violence or sex, as by irresponsibility. The main substance of his book, his treatment of St. Anne as being, in his wayward innocence, a kind of holy fool, flashes and flickers with insight and feeling which never somehow finally coalesce to give a clear and steady light. Interesting, but unorganised; is it possible that M. Nimier's talent is really for comedy? The Pétainist Colonel de Fermendidier is a splendid comic character who is not given enough scope.

Who Goes Home is a smooth entertainment, a little old-fashioned both in the good taste of its writing and in the boldness, somehow a little naive, with which the author creates a fictitious Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition—almost a whole Treasury Bench, and back benchers as well, with bits of history and current affairs thrown in. This story of the decline and fall of a Minister is, however, redeemed from the commonplace of successful fiction by the author's knowledge of, and reverence for, the atmosphere and traditions of the House of Commons, and, by extension, of British public life generally. This knowledge gives ingenuity; and if some readers will find it hard to credit that a Cabinet Minister, on a visit to Washington, should have been drawn by a shady contact man into playing heavily at an illegal gambling joint, they will find that Mr. Edelman has presented this incident in a way which makes it hard to condemn Michael Erskine. Speaking as a sample reader, Mr. Edelman got me to believe that Erskine could have done it, but I should have voted in favour of the eventual censure motion without feeling that, as a sepulchre, I was any more whited than public life requires its sepulchres to be. How the voting actually went at the climax of Mr. Edelman's novel need not be revealed, and *Who Goes Home* may be summed up as a "good read" which creates suspense and interest, has a lively verisimilitude and does not pretend to more.

The Time of the Assassins is an account of the German occupation of Kharkov, and I have described it as a *tour de force* because it gives the impression of having been written by a Russian or a German; or, more generally, of being a product of Mittel Europa rather than of England. Mr. Blunden is, however, English, and he gained the material for this book by being a correspondent with the Russian forces which reoccupied Kharkov. It is, I suppose, natural that he should write a war correspondent's book, a piece of fictionalized reporting, and his novel is in its way good—competently written, knowledgeable and even illuminating. But his material, the hangings and the partisans, the hunger and the betrayals, the double-think twistings of the Party Line, the grilling by the Interrogator, the S.S. men with their tarts, is banal when handled in this way. There were probably quite a number of people in Kharkov who could have written a book like this; but I cannot help regretting the novel that only Mr. Blunden could have written; that he might have written if he had not been so ambitious for his insight; if he had kept nearer home; if his central character, instead of being a Ukrainian-nationalist-ex-Communist-Nazi, had been an intelligent Englishman from Walsall or St. John's Wood. Seen through the eyes of such a character, the young activists, child informers and high-échelon Muscovite Communists might have had the stamp of reality they lack.

Invisible Man is the most ambitious, the most serious, and perhaps the most interesting of these novels, but in it there yawns that sinister gulf between aim and talent from which floats up the spray of pretentiousness, over-intensity, hysteria. It is the Negro who, in contemporary America, is the invisible man, and the problem of Mr. Ellison's hero, an intelligent young Negro, is how to become visible—*i.e.* be recognised as human. Education, the kind of education given in a Southern Negro college, is not of much avail—although the example of the principal is more important than the formal teaching, for it is bitterly realistic—and a totalitarian political organisation called the Brotherhood in New York is also "not enough." Mr. Ellison's hero, however, does not arrive at the aim of having no hatred or bitterness in his heart towards anyone. The incandescent indignation which, when he avows it, gives his book dignity and power dies down at last into a cautious, careful, cool little flicker about the need

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to love as well as to hate. No wonder that the book as a whole does not catch fire, and that the situations, like the language, are forced. Absurd references to Joyce and Kafka have been made in connection with this book; the comparisons should be with Henry Miller, and they have only to be made to show how inferior in his power of conveying indignation—in his writing as a whole—Mr. Ellison really is.

J. D. SCOTT

CHAUCER IN THE ROUND

Chaucer. By RAYMOND PRESTON. *Sheed & Ward.* 25*s.*

This is an ambitious book which bravely fails to be a good one because its author has tried to do too much. With immense appetite, he has envisaged for himself the task of interpreting Chaucer to the modern reader in the light of all that he has learned from his own academic training and tastes. Mr. Preston is attempting to synthesize afresh all that is known about Chaucer's poetry—the sources and traditions from which it grew, its religious and philosophic context. His aim is wholly admirable, but he has not yet the maturity of style and scholarship to sustain it. He can illuminate well the beauty of a line or stanza, and he is sensitive to the tones of Chaucer's poetry, but he has not given his vast subject the planning and emphasis it demands. The reader has a baffling impression of incoherence, of trees and no wood, of a restless monotony of treatment that throws no one thing into relief more than another. Mr. Preston writes with a personal colloquialism that hardly does justice to his material. His mind frequently skids off at a tangent, and he lets a cryptic, allusive manner choke his argument. His mannerisms are unfortunate, for beneath them there lies much critical honesty and vigour.

He has some interesting things to say of *Troilus and Criseyde*. It is a chameleon-like poem and can present different colours to different readers. For Mr. Preston the harsher tones are uppermost. He rightly stresses the importance of the rejection of earthly love at the end of the poem; but we do not need to read the whole poem with Troilus's disillusioned laughter ringing in our ears. The beautiful treatment accorded to human love is not simply "an intermediate and generous prize-giving," with which we may "amuse ourselves" while waiting for the true judgment. If we turn to other passages in Boethius than those Mr. Preston mentions, we catch more finely the temper of Chaucer's poem, with its ache of sympathy for earthly joy. Philosophy in her serenity can rejoice that men continually seek earthly happiness, because in this they are groping, however blindly, towards the sovereign bliss of God. The attraction of earthly happiness is strong because it contains a particle of the divine. That seems to be the tragic paradox of the poem—tragic, as Mr. Preston suggests, only so long as we confine our gaze to the earth. Wearied perhaps by the critics' sentimental indulgence towards Criseyde, he practically ignores the structure of sincere emotion which Chaucer has so delicately erected. He fixes his eye upon the wavering duplicity of Criseyde and scarcely glances at the tenderness of her nature. Criseyde is faithless, much as Oblomov is faithless, because of her rooted *accidia*. But her memory is true, and her grief in the last book is genuine; she has sought happiness, not pleasure, and her love for Troilus opened "the gate of all joy" to her long before she was his mistress. We are never told that she felt such happiness again. The divine particle has gone when the selfish "conqueror" replaces the courtly lover.

The discussion of the Canterbury Tales is slightly cramped by the weight of earlier critics, and the freshest light is thrown upon the tales of virtue and religion. Mr. Preston prefers long quotation to analysis and leaves much of literary significance unsaid, mainly no doubt, because he takes it for granted, but occasionally through plain failure of observation. There is some stimulating criticism of the shorter poems and of the *Legend of Good Women*. Here the vein of pure ridicule is probably even stronger than Mr. Preston suggests: should we read seriously Lucretia's greeting to Tarquin as he leans on the bed:

"What beste is that," quod she, "that weyeth thus?"

"I am the kynges sone, Tarquinius"?

Mr. Preston's book may commend itself to many readers by its liveliness and strong personal taste. It is beautifully illustrated and the two musical scores are a generous addition.

URSULA BROWN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Glasgow Story. By COLM BROGAN. *Muller.* 15*s.*

Mr. Brogan knows his Glasgow: he has much to say of the Second City and its people which is well-observed and incisive; and he says it in a terse, vigorous prose. There are curious omissions in his story: Scottish Nationalism, the Covenant and the Stone scarcely figure at all; and in the cultural field one searches in vain for any reference to the influence of "Lallans" or Hugh McDiarmid. Yet, regarded as a sort of sociological *Guide Bleu*, Mr. Brogan's book is informative and readable. The trouble is that the author is not prepared to leave Glesca' alone, or like her for what she is.

"Dirty, violent, alcoholic, Bolshy, dull, dreary, wet and windy. If this were all of Glasgow's reputation, there would be small cause for self-congratulation in the Second City. But it is not all." Is it not? To many who know and love Glasgow, the endearing quality of the city is precisely that from this background, in which Highlanders, Lowland Celts, and Irish have mingled, there should have sprung a fierce, warm humanity which has survived the worst slums in Britain. Mr. Brogan is not content with that. Instead, contemptuous of the Labour Movement and loathing the very idea of class war, he creates the tranquillizing myth that the people of Glasgow form a "democratic" fellowship in which social distinctions count for little and the worker is as pleased with his status as the capitalist. Tell that in Kelvinside—or the Gorbals.

The Concerto. Edited by RALPH HILL. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Like its predecessor, *The Symphony*, this Pelican book is in essence a collection of programme notes. And now that, thanks largely to the invention of long-playing records, the entire musical repertory is becoming available to all listeners, both moderately priced little books should prove constantly useful and interesting to those who go to concerts, collect or borrow gramophone records, and listen to the B.B.C. *The Concerto* is not really a "little" book at all; it covers an enormous field, from Bach to Berg and Bax and Vaughan Williams. The concertos are treated by composers, each section being introduced by a few paragraphs to set the particular composer's concertos in historical perspective, and relate them to the rest of his works.

Since twenty-two authors have contributed, the standard of writing is naturally variable; but most of it is sharp, clear and concise. General reflections on concerto-composition, and such poetical ideas as Frank Howes's likening of the slow movement of the Bach two-violin concerto to Sir Philip Sidney's "My true love hath my heart," enrich the pages. Mozart (by A. Hyatt King) is rightly allotted three times as many pages as anyone else. Arthur Hutchings gives a very just estimate of Delius's achievements in the concerto field; and Denis Stevens contributes informed accounts of Liszt's and Busoni's compositions. The treatment of relatively unfamiliar concertos gives the book a special value: where else can one find, so conveniently, detailed descriptions of those by Bloch, Bartók, Szymanowski or Prokofiev? Mosco Carner's chapter on the Berg Violin Concerto is on a larger scale—a long, reasoned and technical analysis (to be read in conjunction with the score), which in itself makes the book indispensable to serious musicians. Three little quarrels: with the editor, the late Ralph Hill, for neglecting Vivaldi, and for deciding that Mendelssohn's fluently melodic D minor Piano Concerto was not worth a note; and with Joan Chissell, for undervaluing Schumann's

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

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Statement of Accounts, 31st December, 1952

LIABILITIES

	£
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	1,318,416,271
Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc., for account of customers	50,269,547
Paid-up Capital	15,858,217
Reserve Fund	15,750,000

ASSETS

Cash in hand and with the Bank of England	112,910,458
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection	57,891,916
Money at Call and Short Notice	84,653,800
Bills Discounted	274,037,969
Investments	458,930,134
Advances to customers and other Accounts	337,789,066
Investments in Subsidiaries:—	
The British Linen Bank	3,728,558
Other Subsidiaries	9,063,533
Other Trade Investments	1,788,670
Bank Premises and adjoining Properties	9,230,384
Customers' Liability for Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc.	50,269,547

HEAD OFFICE: 54 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

eloquent and ardent Cello Concerto. The music examples are printed in the text, and not (as in *The Symphony*) huddled at the end of the chapters; and, another improvement, there are pardonably few inaccurate ones.

The Wild Wheel: The World of Henry Ford. By GARET GARRETT. *Cresset Press.* 15*s.*

Mr. Garrett knew Ford in the days of his early successes, and in this lively, illustrated biography, he writes with emotional insight about America's mass-production prophet. But this is not so much a personal study as a picture of *laissez-faire* America, of which Ford's career was a witness. Ford really belonged with the uninhibited captains of industry, such as Rockefeller, Carnegie and Morgan, and he never did understand the social implications of the new age that he helped to create when he put wheels on the United States. From an original capital of only $28,000 he built up a vast empire, which, to the last, he tried to run on paternal lines. He never reconciled himself to the arrival of the big industrial unions, which were the inevitable result of the mass-production techniques which he himself introduced. He was industry's "Lone Ranger." His decision in 1914, for example, to raise the wages of his workers from $2 to $5 a day shocked and disturbed his "classical" capitalist contemporaries.

But, with all his eccentricities and fads, Ford produced cars by the million at low cost. The Model T, for instance, was selling for $295 once the production line really began to move. In fact, the secret of his prodigious achievement lay in what he did with his profits.

> He shared them with labour by paying high wages and with his customers by continually reducing the price of the automobile, and then . . . all the rest year after year was returned to the business to buy more and better machines to make more and more automobiles at less and less cost.

This biography is thus another study of the technical revolution accomplished by American capitalism in this century. Ford is here presented as a symbol; the cost of his achievement in social terms, and the seamier side of his career are scarcely noticed by Mr. Garrett.

Literature for an Age of Science. By HYMAN LEVY and HELEN SPALDING. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

This book is an attempt at a description and an analysis of the social function of literature; among other things, it aims at providing, through a discussion of the various literary forms, "the criteria by means of which the writer's audience—and even the writer himself—may assess the significance of the work in question." From the authors' definition of the end of literature, to heighten awareness, there will be no dissent. When we come to the meaning of awareness it is a different matter. The book is written throughout from a Marxist point of view, disguised to the extent that Marx himself is never mentioned and the great evocative names and slogans are completely omitted. The exposition may convince other Marxists; it is not likely to convert non-Marxists, though they may admire its ingenuity, the attempt, for example, to explain the survival-value of works of literature, which Marxist critics have never found easy. Professor Levy and Miss Spalding do their best but are no more successful than earlier Marxist critics: it is not true, for instance, as seems to be suggested, that classic novels survive because of their value as social documents or that we read them for that reason.

The authors are plainly appreciative of literature, and yet it is difficult to see the kind of audience they envisage for their book. Readers who do not agree with their account of *The Cocktail Party* or the novels of Dostoevsky, will probably dismiss them out of hand. Relatively untutored readers, at say W.E.A. level, could hardly be expected to pick their way through the monotonously small selection of polysyllabic words that impede the progress of almost every sentence in the book like so many huddles of barbed wire. Even so, the authors were probably wise to stick to their polysyllables, for when they don't, what they achieve is this sort of thing: "The playwrights who have been milestones in dramatic history have been those who, though not necessarily aware of it, have helped to crystallise out some stage of an evolving world-picture."

See How They Grow. By MARY FIELD, J. VALENTINE DURDEN and F. PERCY SMITH. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

New Biology: No. 13. Edited By M. L. JOHNSON and MICHAEL ABERCOMBIE. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

In the past, it has been said, botany taught on the lines of Greek grammar proved an effective means of crushing the interest of schoolchildren in biological subjects. Today much has changed, but there are still few attractive introductions to the study of plants. An extensively illustrated and readable "glance at the wonders and beauties of plant kingdom" in the inexpensive Pelican series is therefore likely to be welcomed. The subjects covered are quite conventionally arranged: about one-third of the book is devoted to the algae, masses, ferns and fungi; the rest is an account of the life of flowering plants—the behaviour and functions of roots, leaves, flowers, seeds and so on—with something on parasitism and carnivorous plants at the end.

The most prominent peculiarity of the book arises from the authors' view that "in the cinema, we have *the* ideal medium for the study of life." The emphasis is theirs, and seems to be an overstatement. Film is an excellent adjunct to biological teaching and research, as well as being often entertaining; but there is much in biology to which it can contribute little: an example is ecology—a subject not dealt with in *See How They Grow*, but one which deserves a place in any popular outline of botany. The other complaint which must be made is that insufficient care has been taken to avoid errors. For instance, a definition of the term "plant" is given which excludes the fungi; yet in a later chapter the fungi (called "the lazy feeders") are referred to as plants, without apology. Another type of mistake is found in a totally incorrect description of the process of osmosis. *See How They Grow* will probably be used to entertain and even to instruct many thousands of readers, and the text deserved more careful scrutiny than, evidently, it received.

For the more informed reader *New Biology* offers as usual authoritative accounts of recent work. Helen Spurway contributes a stimulating but not quite lucid article on the question "Can wild animals be kept in captivity?"—a problem which contains more difficulties than might be thought. Other articles are on the analysis of human skill, the thyroid gland, plant breeding, and preventing bed bugs from breeding. The most notable contribution is however Bernal's "Keep off the grass," a reply to a hostile review by Pirie, of Bernal's book *The Physical Basis of Life*. If *New Biology* is to become a forum for vigorous controversy, the innovation will be very welcome.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,196

Set by Guy Walsingham

Peers have had to ballot for seats in the Abbey for the Coronation, and many of them have reacted indignantly to this curtailment of privilege. The usual prizes are offered for a comment on this situation from a Shakespearean duke, a Wildean dowager, a Gilbertian peer from *Iolanthe*, and one of Mr. Belloc's aristocratic menagerie. Limit: 20 lines of verse or, for the Wilde, 150 words of prose. Entries by February 3rd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,193

Set by John Jacobin

> It is reported that a country house party in Oxfordshire this Christmas was startled to find Phrygian caps in its crackers, accompanied by the most radical mottoes. The usual prizes are offered for a set of four mottoes, similarly incongruous, for any one of the following groups of celebrants: A Bevanite cocktail party; a holiday camp reunion; an administrative staff party at the Treasury; the Royal Academy Dinner; the Lord Mayor's Banquet; or à Foyle's literary luncheon. The mottoes may either be original or quotations.

Report by John Jacobin

Too many entrants missed the emphasis on the word "incongruous"; some of the entries were aptly congruous, and would merely have caused loud

Company Meeting

DISTRICT BANK LIMITED

THE Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated, with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank, Ltd., prior to the 123rd annual general meeting to be held on 13th February at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said:—

Turning to the Balance Sheet, you will see that the more stringent monetary policy has not been without its effect on certain items. Admittedly deposits at the record figure of £248,000,000 would not appear to bear this out, but average deposits were below those for the previous year and the high December figure reflects the growing Budget deficit during the Autumn months.

Against the larger resources the more liquid assets, cash, money at call and short notice, treasury bills and bills of exchange, are bigger in total and in proportion to our deposits than they were at the end of 1951. The ratio of liquidity is in fact abnormally high but will be reduced early this year as deposits and treasury bills decline in consequence of the incidence of tax payments.

As a result of the Government funding a further part of the floating debt last October, we acquired more Serial Funding Stocks and this has increased the level of our Investments. Here, I should add, that most of our holding of British Government Securities continue to be short-dated and our Reserve for Contingencies was well able to provide for the depreciation when gilt-edged values declined so sharply last year.

As I anticipated last year, customers engaged in the rearmament programme have required more bank accommodation and, I am pleased to say, we continue to give considerable support to agriculture, which makes such an important contribution to the country's well-being. Despite the increased requirements of essential industries, total Advances are less than they were twelve months ago, partly owing to a fall in commodity prices and a reduction in stocks. Beyond this the decline indicates that, in the national interest, the field of lending still remains much restricted.

The lower figures for Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and other obligations point to some contraction in the over-all volume of overseas business conducted by our Foreign Department. Inevitably the import restrictions imposed in the Spring of last year by some countries reduced the number of overseas bills and adversely affected turnover. The last two months of the year, however, saw not only some recovery in the figure of export bills but also a welcome, though small, revival of documentary credit business.

By way of compensation for a setback in one sphere of foreign banking, fresh opportunities have been presented to us through the wider trading facilities granted to the Foreign Exchange Market. In addition, the restoration of freedom to some commodity markets has resulted in increased activity in other directions.

The Banks were originally encouraged by the Public Trustee Act, 1906, to undertake the duties and responsibilities of Executors and Trustees. The continued increase in this class of business, of which this Bank has had its full share, is ample evidence that more and more testators are entrusting the administration of their estates to the Joint Stock Banks.

The new branches in Cambridge and Swansea, to which I referred in my last Statement, are now open, and I hope that an easing of building restrictions will soon afford us greater opportunities for obtaining suitable premises and for undertaking structural alterations so that we may proceed more rapidly with our policy of development.

Despite the continued upward pressure of operating costs and heavy taxation I am glad to report there is, after making the usual provisions, a Net Profit for the year of £515,672 against £508,217 for 1951. With the amount brought forward we have a disposable balance of £817,017. From the Report you will see we are allocating £250,000 to Reserve for Contingencies and, after providing for dividends at the same rate as previously, there remains the sum of £294,361 to be carried forward.

laughs as the mottoes were read aloud. One might imagine—if I may be forgiven the liberty—Sir Gerald Kelly looking across the damask and silver and saying: "Here's a good one on you, Alfred." I had hoped that competitors would see that the motto here should play the part of the skeleton at the feast, the writing on the wall at a small gathering presided over by some modern Belshazzar. So, reluctantly, some of the more ingenious ideas were disqualified. The shortlist was further reduced by the elimination of those who had not read the examination paper twice. I asked for four entries on *one* of the themes, not one each on four of them. Finally, it seems to have been hard to score four hits on the target.

I liked Jim Parrot's "Interest starts when the country's in the Red," for the Lord Mayor's Banquet, for that had the ring of the genuine motto, as did his "Eat, Drink and be Merry, for Tomorrow we Die." Several entrants fell back, for the Foyle's luncheon, on Disraeli's epigram: "The author who speaks about his own books is nearly as bad as the mother who talks about her own children." And one or two caught the right note of incongruity in quoting Oscar Wilde's "All art is useless" for the Royal Academy. Two guineas to Eric Swainson, whose five entries topped each class, and made it difficult for me to decide which of them should be selected for printing. The other prizes divided equally between those printed below.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET

Hell is a city much like London.
Shelley

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
Shakespeare

. . . well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Pope

Content with little, I can piddle here
On broccoli and mutton, round the year.
Pope

ERIC SWAINSON

Cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse.
Proverbs. I.14

He that hath knowledge spareth his words.
Proverbs XVII.27

He that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.
Proverbs. XXI.17

Riches profit not in the day of wrath.
Proverbs. XI.4

L. H. BEHARRELL

HOLIDAY CAMP REUNION

False happiness desires a crowd.
Every man should live in a hut with his fellows—once.
Reunion spells disillusion.
A friend in the Grand is worth two in the chalet.

D. W. WOODCOCK

Fools, like birds of a feather, flock together.
Pagan Calendar

After three days fish and guests begin to stink.
Chinese Proverb

To people who are not overworked holidays are a nuisance.
Bernard Shaw

Old friends are best.
Platitudes for Plodders

ALLAN M. LAING

THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER

To-day's Picasso is to-morrow's Old Master.
Two eyes are not necessarily better than one.
A fool will disclaim his own portrait.
Don't be afraid of a sitter. (*Old Cricket Adage.*)

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Pride of Pioneering

No. 173

There must be more than merely sentimental value attached to the pride of having been the very first to achieve something subsequently done by a good many others—such as setting foot on the North Pole, swimming the Channel, flying faster than sound, or playing the Meran Variation. That offspring of the Semi-Slaw in the Queen's Gambit rates eleven closely printed pages in Korn's new edition of Griffith-White's *Modern Chess Openings* (Pitman, 25*s.*); yet it was only in 1924 in the Meran Tournament (hence the name) that it was played for the very first time by our old friend Rubinstein. (We seem to be entitled to that term since in a charming letter thanking us for our little birthday gift the old master calls all *N.S. & N.* readers his friends.) Here, then, is the Meran Variation in its virginal state.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(19)	B-K1	P x P
(2)	P-QB4	P-QB3	(20)	P x P	KR-QB1
(3)	P-K3	Kt-B3	(21)	B-Q2	Kt-K5
(4)	Kt-QB3	P-K3	(22)	R-K1	Kt-Q3
(5)	Kt-B3	QKt-Q2	(23)	Q-B1	Kt x Kt
(6)	B-Q3	P x P	(24)	P x Kt	Q-R4
(7)	B x BP	P-QKt4	(25)	Kt-K5	Kt x Kt
(8)	B-Q3	P-QR3	(26)	R x Kt	Q-R5
(9)	O-O	P-B4	(27)	P-B4	B-KB3
(10)	P-QR4	P-Kt5	(28)	P-Kt3	B x R!
(11)	Kt-K4	B-Kt2	(29)	QP x B	Q-K2
(12)	Kt(4)-Q2	B-K2	(30)	B-K3	Q-Q2
(13)	Q-K2	O-O	(31)	B-K2	Q x P
(14)	R-Q1	P-QR4	(32)	P-Kt4	P-Kt6
(15)	Kt B4	Q B2	(33)	K-B2	B-K5
(16)	B-Q2	KR-Q1	(34)	B-Q4	R-Q1
(17)	QR-B1	Q-B3	(35)	K-K3	B-B7
(18)	P-QKt3	Q-Q4	(36)	R-R1	Q-Kt5

White resigned, none other than Grünfeld who went on to win the Meran tournament. Rubinstein was third, but since we are about it we might have a glance at one of his most celebrated and instructive endings, won against Emanuel Lasker before they shared 1st and 2nd at St. Petersburg, 1909.

(28)	R-R6!	K-B1		
(29)	P-K4	R-QB2		
(30)	P-KR4	K-B2	(35) P-K5	R-Kt2
(31)	P-Kt4	K-B1	(36) R-Q6!	K-K2
(32)	K-B4	K-K2	(37) R-R6	K-B2
(33)	P-R5	P-R3	(38) R-Q6	K-B1
(34)	K-B5	K-B2	(39) R-QB6	K-B2
			(40) P-R3!	

Here the great Lasker found himself badly in *zugzwang* and resigned. Note how subtly, after the 36 move, the threat of R-Q7ch! keeps Black on tenterhooks.

A: Rubinstein 1926

B: H. Lommer 1945

C: Selesniev

In this week's competition pride of place belongs to yet another triumph of Rubinstein's; how, playing White in game position **A**, did he force his opponent's resignation in four moves? This should be an instructive 4-pointer for beginners. As for **B**—White to win—this may well be worth 6 points. (Its author is the renowned composer who graced a "Readers' Own" choice the other day.) No less remarkable for its witty climax is **C**—White to draw It may be slightly overrated with 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by February 2.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

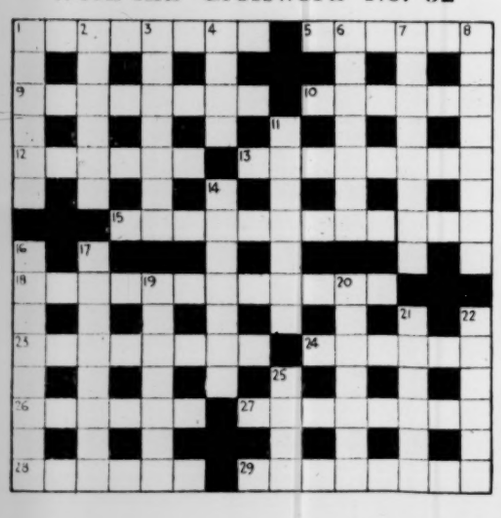
Set January 3

A: (1) B-B7!, Q x B. (2) R x P ch, Q x R. (3) Q-Kt7 ch, K x P (4) R-R1 mate.
if (1) . . . R x B. (2) Q-Kt7 ch! and mates next move.
B: (1) P-B3, P-R5. (2) K-B2, P-R6. (3) K-Kt3, P-R7. (4) K x P, P queens. (5) K x P and Black cannot win.
C: (1) K-Q1!, R-R7. (2) K-K1!!, R x B. (3) K-B1, R-R7. (4) K-Kt1, R-R6. (5) K-Kt2, R-R2. (6) P-B3!, and Black cannot win either; if the R stays on the R-file the K sticks to Kt1 or Kt2; and to B1 and B2, if the R moves to the K-file.

This was not as easy as it looked, and many competitors dropped some points on either **B** or **C**. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, G. S. Fisher, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 32



ACROSS

1. Not a hot gospeller (8).
5. He breaks the law and is put inside a little while (6).
9. Exclusively Sassenach? (8).
10. His hat reflected the sun's rays in more-than-oriental-splendour (6).
12. Windows through which Newman saw the light? (6).
13. Mended by the Marriage Guidance Council? (8).
15. Theatrical school captain? (9, 3).
18. Sad at being sacked? (12).
23. Localities for a girl in a big city (8).
24. Discover the meaning of fish in the river (6).
26. Not acquired at nine (6).
27. Go back and fish; there is no free passage here (8).
28. Prefers to read something different (6).
29. Books which an afterthought changes (8).

DOWN

1. The ball is somewhere; look inside for it (6).
2. Used to make porcelain (6).
3. Flew far out of formation (7).
4. Carol for wind instrument (4).
6. According to the graduates this is a state (7).
7. Tell how to get rid of a pen-pusher? (8).
8. Times to steady us (8).
11. Bob breaks the rules, so retires (7).
14. Do we in the end become enriched? Yes (7).
16. The mixed vote paid (8).
17. Form a division established above a line of hills (8).
19. Situated below a river (7).
20. "It keeps —— whisperings around desolate shores" (Keats) (7).
21. A virtuous beginner? (6).
22. French poetry is uplifting (6).
25. A Bohemian who reformed (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 31

Company Meetings

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK
Limited

NEED FOR REDUCTION IN GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURE AND TAXATION HARD WORK AND THRIFT — ROUTE TO ECONOMIC SOLVENCY

The 120th Annual General Meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on 12th February in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (The Right Hon. The Earl of Selborne, P.C., C.H.):—

The amount brought forward from 1951 is £957,724, to which must be added this year's profit of £1,525,013, giving a disposable balance of £2,482,737.

Our published reserves (including Share Premium Account) exceed our Paid-up Capital by more than £2,000,000. Your directors have declared a final dividend of 8½ per cent., making 16 per cent. for the year, compared with the figure of 15 per cent. which has remained stable for the past 20 years. The just claims of the staff for improved remuneration having been met, I am satisfied that we are not lacking in prudence in deciding on this modest improvement in the shareholders' reward.

The change in the direction of our financial and credit policy inaugurated by the Government just over a year ago has since been intensified and has begun to yield definite results, for which the Government may well claim full credit. But the real test is the position of our gold and dollar reserves, which have only recently shown some improvement.

While it is abundantly true that the sterling area cannot achieve stability without the goodwill and co-operation of the rest of the world, and in particular of the United States, it must be recognised that the re-establishment of our position rests, in the main, with ourselves. We must cease to rely on loans or grants from our friends: we must live on what we can earn: and, moreover, we must earn a surplus to invest.

Private Investor's All-Important Role

We must welcome the announcement that a Corporation is to be established to further development in other countries of the Commonwealth and the Colonial Empire, and I need hardly say that we have promised our full co-operation. In this connection it is significant that Her Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom have announced that they "are determined that the flow of capital from London for sound development throughout the Commonwealth shall be maintained and increased." This can only be done in two ways, either by Budget surpluses and Government investment, or by individual investment; and of these two alternatives the latter is infinitely preferable.

The private investor, however, cannot perform his all-important role unless he can first save the money to do so. The present level of taxation of the individual is such as to make private saving virtually impossible. The level of taxation is even more serious in its effect on industrial resources. How can we hope to maintain competitive efficiency if our industries are milked by the Exchequer for current Government expenditure instead of being allowed to build up the reserves necessary to improve and extend their plants? But taxation cannot be reduced if as a result the Budget would become unbalanced. Accordingly, the first step is to reduce the present scale of Government expenditure—including expenditure of Local Authorities, Government Agencies and nationalised industries. The present distribution of burdens between the Exchequer and the spending authorities ought to be reviewed as a matter of urgency, so that those who call the tune have to pay the piper. It is only by reducing the scale of Government expenditure and the level of taxation that we can hope to restore a healthy basis for our economy. The Nation must learn that there is no substitute for maxims which our ancestors long ago found to be true. The only route to solvency is by way of hard work and thrift. Our legislators in recent years have been at pains to decry and discourage both. They have behaved as if we were much richer after the war than we had been before it, and it is astonishing that anyone could ever have believed that such was the case. They must now retrace their steps and so reform our laws that every individual has the maximum incentive to exert and deny himself for the benefit of his family. So will the State best prosper, for the Nation is but the total of the families contained therein.

BARCLAYS BANK
THE COUNTRY'S PROBLEMS

The annual general meeting of Barclays Bank Limited will be held on February 11 in London.

The following are extracts from the statement by the chairman, MR. A. W. TUKE, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1952:—

Our Deposits, at £1,318,000,000, show an increase of £34,000,000, which is surprising when we consider the influences to which Bank credit has been subjected during the past year.

The rather rapid increase in Bank Deposits in the latter part of the year has been accompanied by a marked fall month by month in the total of Bank Advances, which, if other things had been equal, might have been expected to be counterbalanced by a corresponding reduction in Deposits. In so far as the volume of Deposits is a measure of the inflation present in our economy, the trend during the year must be regarded as disappointing, but we should reserve final judgment until we can compare March and April 1953 with March and April 1952.

It will be readily understood that higher rates of interest, although they operate on both sides of the account, tend to provide us with rather wider margins of gross profit, but not to the extent that some people appear to suppose.

We are able to set aside the same amount as last year, namely, £1,000,000, which on this occasion we have credited to Reserve Fund, and to recommend dividends on our various stocks at the same rates as before. We have also found it possible to transfer a further £1,000,000 to Reserve Fund from Contingency Account, with the result that that Fund now stands at a figure almost equal to our issued capital.

Having during the last few months approached by great effort a condition of equilibrium, we in this country are now in a position to take a longer view; to consider what are the prospects of a gradual increase of exports which, after allowing for the rebuilding of our reserves of gold and dollars, would justify a gradual relaxation of restrictions on imports. In the process we are discovering once again how much longer it takes to clear up a mess than it took to make it.

ESSENTIALS FOR INCREASED EXPORTS.

The fundamentals of our problem can perhaps best be understood if we compare the position of this country in the present decade with its position in the last decade of the last century. At that time we had built up a predominant position in world trade, and we were therefore also the world's creditor. Our population was nearly 40 millions, having increased from 10 millions at the beginning of the century. We were able to buy abroad freely; we were working under a system of free trade which is, or used to be, regarded as the natural policy of a creditor nation; and the general standard of living, while it was not high according to present-day ideas, was, nevertheless, high in relation to other nations of the world at the time. Taxation was insignificant and wealth was accumulating rapidly in the hands of ever-widening numbers of our people. A large part of these savings was employed in investment overseas, which is the traditional and proper function of a creditor nation, and all the time we were spending more and more on imported goods, thus improving the standard of living of our rapidly increasing population.

What has happened since 1914 is well known. We have twice spent our blood and our accumulated foreign assets in fighting unavoidable wars; the United States of America has become an increasingly powerful competitor; and other countries to whom we used to sell manufactured goods have become more and more disposed to rely on their own growing industrial capacity. Meanwhile, largely owing to the rapid advance of medical science, our population has increased to about 50 millions; and while we all rejoice in the fact that so many lives are now saved which would otherwise have been lost, this has aggravated the problem from a purely economic point of view.

The industrial and financial strength of America today is such that, almost inevitably, the debtor nations of the world look to her for a lead in solving their problems. I think that all will agree that the time has now come for the assistance of America and others to be given on business terms, if it is given at all. It is encouraging to find, in many influential quarters of the United States, that Mr. Butler's apposite phrase, "trade, not aid," with all its implications for American trade policy, has found approval.

Moreover, the United States and other creditor nations could, if they had the necessary confidence, invest large sums in the development of the backward areas of the world, a proportion of which lie in the Sterling Area.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED
A YEAR OF LIMITED PROGRESS

The Annual General Meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held on February 13 in London.

In his Statement accompanying the report and balance sheet the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.C.L., D.L., states that the profit for 1952 is £148,807 higher at £1,964,665. Increased earnings have been to an appreciable extent offset by higher running expenses and by the increase in the rate of interest allowed on deposits. In view of the uncertain economic outlook and the wide fluctuations which we have experienced in the gilt-edged market, it has been considered desirable and prudent to strengthen the external reserves of the Bank. A sum of £1,200,000 has therefore been allocated to General Reserve which, together with the Share Premium Account, will make the total Reserve Fund £16,000,000. Current, Deposit and other Accounts at £1,169 millions show a reduction of less than £2 millions.

Loans and Advances have decreased by £32 millions, substantial increases in advances to many industries essential to the well-being of the community having been more than considerably offset by reductions in other directions. With its large agricultural connections throughout the country, the Bank has been affording generous assistance to farmers and to agriculture's ancillary industries.

IMPORTANT GROUND GAINED

Recalling the critical state of our affairs a year ago, Lord Balfour of Burleigh observes, we must be thankful for the progress made during 1952. Important ground has been gained and there is, moreover, no sign of its being lost again in the immediate future. Unfortunately, the evidence suggests that in the recovery of the past year far too large a part has been played by purely stop-gap expedients and a favourable change in world conditions.

A great deal of the good done by monetary policy has so far been undone by government spending. If the new monetary policy is to fulfil its purpose, it requires the support of a strong budgetary policy.

INFLATIONARY SYMPTOMS

There was a perceptible slackening of inflationary pressures during the spring and summer. In the later months of the year, however, the picture was rather different. Consumer expenditure seems to be running at fully the same level as a year ago, the consumer trades are picking up again and manpower is moving back into the same employments from which it was released earlier in the year.

The thesis that inflation has now been definitely mastered cannot be squared with some other features of the situation, such as the severe limitation of imports, the forcible diversion of goods to the export market, the long delays still imposed on some of our overseas customers. Most significant of all is the admitted fact that a wages spiral is still a real danger.

Our vital need now is to rebuild our financial and economic strength so that we may with certainty pay our way abroad and earn our keep, and that can only be through increased and more efficient production of the right things. To promote the necessary shift of resources and to create the necessary saving are therefore the supreme tasks of financial policy at this juncture.

But as long as our solvency is menaced by excessive expenditure, as long as our industries are strangled and incentive choked by over-taxation, and as long as our people remain unaware that they are now sacrificing the future to the present, so long will our standard of living, including the maintenance of our social services, continue to be in mortal danger.

A real policy of disinflation is still the central need if we are to put our economy in proper shape, but there will remain one problem which cannot be solved by our own efforts alone. For Britain and for the world at large, no task can be more urgent than to rebuild the exchange reserves of the sterling area, as a prelude to the restoration of convertibility, and for this a capital operation of some kind is indispensable.

"For future prosperity," Lord Balfour of Burleigh concludes, "some painful decisions are now necessary. The question is whether modern democratic party leaders dare have the strength of purpose to take them. I am optimistic enough to believe that the sound sense of the British people would accept any required temporary sacrifice the necessity for which they could be made to understand. And only so can our country's future be made secure."

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

s. The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Zoology. The salary of the Senior Lecturer will be in the range of £1,050–£1,300 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £236 (Australian) males and £179 (Australian) females) with annual increments of £50, and is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will be required to take part in lectures and practical classes in the Department of Zoology and will be expected to engage in research for which opportunities will be provided. Duties to be taken up as soon as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is February 28, 1953.

WIGAN and District Mining and Technical College. The Governing Body invites applications for a post as Lecturer in Management Subjects in the Department of Commerce and Economics. Duties will commence as soon as possible. Candidates should be suitably qualified, and should, by training and experience, be conversant with the field of industrial management. The appointment is open to candidates of either sex. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale for Lecturers. A commencing salary of up to £1,040 may be paid to a suitably qualified candidate. The scales for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars and application form will be sent by the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Last date for receipt of applications: Monday, February 2, 1953. Applications not on the form provided will be disregarded. E. C. Smith, Principal.

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations in Science. This pensionable post in the Commission (London) will become vacant in April, 1953. Age 25–30 on March 1, 1953, but well-qualified candidates over 30 will be considered. Qualifications: Honours Degree (preferably First Class) in Natural Science including Chemistry or Physics. Good University or school teaching experience desirable; examining and interviewing experience an advantage. Duties: Critical examination of draft examination papers, control of marking of candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, general maintenance of standards, interviewing. Salary £440-£1,280 men, £440-£1,125 women, plus at present 8 per cent. Starting salary up to £970 men, £810 women, according to age and experience. Application forms and full details from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London W.1, quoting No. 4183/53. Application forms to be returned by Feb. 7, 1953.

BBC requires Assistant in Topical Talks Unit of Eastern Service to write and broadcast in English three or more talks weekly of ten minutes or more duration in "London Calling Asia" and to write or edit other shorter talks for translation into other languages. Good general knowledge of international affairs and home politics and ability to think and work quickly are essential. Specialisation in Far Eastern and Asian affairs will be required, and some previous knowledge of these subjects and of the areas and people is desirable. Selected candidates will be asked to undergo a test. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,065 p.a. maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.T.T.U. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BBC requires Newsreel Script Assistant in Television Service. Requirements include good education, ability to write for News films on topical subjects quickly and accurately, wide general knowledge of current affairs, particular interest in literature and the arts. Previous experience of film production not essential but candidates should understand underlying principles of visual medium. Salary £695 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £930 p.a. maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "N.S.A., N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SECRETARY required from the middle of March, or as soon afterwards as possible, at direct grant grammar school of 670 girls. Good experience necessary, preferably in school or other institution. There is one assistant secretary. Salary equivalent to Burnham Scale. Apply immediately, giving full particulars of training and experience, to the Head Mistress, Miss I. L. Forster, The Dame Alice Harpur School, Bedford.

EXPERIENCED Secretary shorthand typist reqd. for Jewish communal organisation. Good education, knowledge of German essential. Write fullest details: Box 6369.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. A second Psychiatric Social Worker required. Duties include provision of domiciliary care and after care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness. Salary, for holders of recognised Mental Health Certificate, £420 × £20 – £580 subject to review on publication of Whitley Council agreement. Further particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date, Feb. 10. (34)

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications invited for post of Organising Tutor. Salary scale £450–£650. Application Form from: W.E.A., 51, Grainger Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1. Closing date for applications February 28.

FAMILY Caseworker, woman. Social science qualifications and experience. Salary £450–£550. Special consideration for ability to train students or take additional responsibility. Application together with two testimonials to The Secretary of The Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool 1.

ALRESFORD Place, Hants, requires resident junior housemother (not under 20 years old). Principal duties help assistant Matron with mending and needlework. Good opportunity to gain experience with care of maladjusted children. Write, C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

APPLICATIONS are invited for full-time service with a Christian Youth Organisation. Wide scope for men of character and ability. Applicants should write, giving age, qualifics., and experience to Box 6211.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typist required by managing director of manufacturing and marketing companies. Qualifications required: quick grasp and business acumen. Applications must give details of past experience and salary required for strictly confidential consideration. Write "S. S. T.," c/o Dixons, 1-9 Hills Place, Oxford St., London, W.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires intelligent Sh/Typist (preferably not over 25) prepared to accept secretarial responsibility, for interesting post in Vacation Work Department. Apply in writing: General Secretary, N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

ARCHITECTURAL and Design Group has an immediate vacancy for a receptionist/library assistant/copy-typist. Shorthand an advantage but not essential. Apply in writing to Box 6405.

SECRETARY required (age about 25 to 35) in medical research unit. Responsible post. Salary according to age, experience and qualifications. Apply in writing to the Director, Radiotherapeutic Research Unit of the Medical Research Council, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12.

INTERNATL. cultural society seeks British or Austrian lady secretary for interesting, responsible, hard work. Typing, intelligence, adaptability essentl. German & shorthand desirable. 'Phone WES. 9003.

I NEED a capable secretary for an interesting creative job, and offer a pleasant home in the country to a woman with one or two children (separate unfurnished accommodation). Stephenson, Holdenby, Northants, East Haddon 227.

ALERT copy-typist-clerk: interesting work with alive organisation in congenial surroundings. Particulars (including present and expected salary) to E.I.B.A., 32 Old Burlington Street, W.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

A NURSERY Helper required immediately. Small salary but interesting work and excellent experience in preparation for teacher-training, social work, etc. Apply to Miss Grove, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School, 51 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

WORKING Housekeeper, all round competent, wanted by woman with Dr. husband, 2 children, 5 & 8. Offer £2 to £2 10s., very nice bed-sit. room, h. & c., view trees, gardens, Sheffield. Apply, with names of two referees, Box 6218.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WRITER, experienced as publishers' reader and secretary, seeks part-time work. Own portable typewriter. Box 6253.

YOUNG woman, 36, educated, effic., bus. exper. & domesticated, sks. change from deadening routine. Willing travel. Box 6120.

EDUCATED Danish girl (19) requires position in family in or near London. Experienced with children. Box 6119.

OXFORD wmn. grad. (hons. Eng.), thorough kndge. Russian, competent French/German, sks. part-time evng. wk. at nominal sal. as relief from commercial job. Box 6142.

LADY, 35, Public School education, executive experience, interviewing, social welfare and office routine, some typing, seeks worth-while post. Box 6204.

EXPD. sec. (26, hopeless at figures), own W.1. office, tel., car, typewriter, duplicator, tape recorder, etc., seeks boss (part-time). Box 6224.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

LADY, age 27 years, excellent speaking voice, eight years' nursing experience, desires post as dental receptionist. Box 6225.

SEC., expd. English, German, French shorthand, reqs. pt.-time work. Box 6207.

INTERESTING post wanted by secretary-shorthand typist. Trained nurse. Either capacity. Paediatrics or literary. Varied experience. Box 6153.

GENTLEMAN, young, reqs. part-time work until March-April. Any hours. Box 6227.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CO. GALWAY, Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel. A.A. Country house touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Brochure.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead. You can golf, walk, or laze in front of big log fires. Lovely furniture, Persian carpets, and a friendly atmosphere. Good food too. Sharpthorne 17.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter Holiday? All needing warmth, comfort and good food in quiet private hotel used by readers in resort medically commended are invited write informative Brochure, 5*gns.* & 6½*gns.* inclusive extras, i.e., gratuities, early tea, heated bedroom (C.H. throughout), Singles or Twin Beds; Slumberlands; 2 well-appointed lounges Meals in bedroom if desired. Meat/fish or vegetarian diet. Normanhurst, Sea-Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Facing South; best posn. opp. covered walk; 12 doors Warrior Sq.; 3-mile prom. Near Sun-Lounge orchestra, curative baths. Sheltered from N. & N.E. Many sun shelters. Hastings 4784.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of Photographs. 2*s.* 8*d.* post free. Farm Guide, Dept. N.S.N., 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

N. CWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

WHY not visit the Lake District for your holiday this year. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Conferences and parties welcome. Anne Horner. Phone 508.

SOUTH Cornwall: River Fowey. Holiday accommodation, excellent food, large farmhouse. All modern comforts. Brochure. Mrs. Wheeler, Penquite, Golant, Par, Cornwall. 'Phone Fowey 124.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 2*d.*, from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. £5 10*s.* Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

ABERGELE, North Wales. Sunray Guest House, South Parade. Ideally situated for holidays. Conferences welcomed. Write for illustrated brochure or telephone 2333.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Spring is here. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey milk. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Excellent cuisine and all personal comforts guaranteed. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

SWITZERLAND, Hotel Pension Landtc, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Small Hotel directly by Lake. Very mod. Families welc.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5*gns.* wkly. Summer terms 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

BRIARDENE, Carbis Bay, St. Ives, Cornwall, for Spring flowers and warm sunshine, by sea and in country. Ideal honeymoon spot and also for early holidays. Comfortable beds (cent. htg., h. & c. all bedrooms), excellent food and a welcome.

CARAVAN & chalets for country camping hol. beside West Looe River. Sea 2 ms. Shallowpool, Nr. Looe, Cornwall. Looe 278.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12*s.* 6*d.* Meals optional.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON. Superior guest house, 27 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed and Breakfast, 15*s.*

FURN. semi-self-contained, 6-rmd. maisonette, garage, gdns, 10*gns.* p.w. PAR. 7912.

CAWDOR Hotel, 9 Kensington Gdns. Sq., W.2. B. & B. from 12*s.* 6*d.* BAY. 0406.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3*gns.* Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1960.

CHEERFUL, sunny divan room overlooking garden, to let in quiet house. Furnished intelligently. Cooking facilities, use of bath, telephone. £3. LAD. 4538 after 7 p.m.

FURN. Suite, Early March, 4 rms. (2 large), bath & W.C. Overlooking gdns. Central heated, constant h.w. Garage by arrangement. Not self-contained. £360 p.a. Box 6155.

TWO young ladies, B.A., want another to share comfortable, reasonable flat, W.10. Box 5915.

CLOSE Belsize Pk. Tube. Well furn. b.s. room, brkfst., bath, to gentleman. Tel. after 4, wk. ends after 11 a.m. PRI. 2403.

LGE. well-furn. bed-sit.-rm. for gentleman p.g. C. Htg., grnd. floor, exquisite cuisine; Bechstein grand. Box 6047.

COMF. furn. b/s room, h. & c. and breakfast. Spc. 3758, after 4 p.m.

FROM 47*s.* 6*d.* wkly., sharing; bath, bkfst., dinner/supper, 3 meals Suns., h. & c. basins all rms.; Telev.; lounge; youthful business people. Application forms, Manager, Belsize Square Residential Club, 3273/4 Belsize Sq., N.W.3.

FURNISHED flat to let, 2 rooms, kitchen, share bathroom. Use of telephone. No linen. £3 p.w. Hornsey. Box 6206.

2 Min. Swiss Cottage. Bed-sitting room, bath, cooking facils. Lady pref. PRI. 8451.

WRITER offers share furnished top-floor flat S.W.5. with another professional woman. 3 guineas. FREmantle 4358.

DIVAN room to let. Near Hampstead Heath and Tube. SPE. 2509 or Box 6318.

HIGHGATE Woods. Bed-sit. rm., well equipped and furn. C.h.w., use frig., bath. 45*s.* wk. 'Phone after 6. TUDor 6384.

OXFORD graduate & wife offer single accom., light ckg. facils., 45*s.* 6*d.* p.w. Quiet, congenial atmosphere. Music, literature appreciated. Hampstead area. Box 6311.

TO let: pleasant bed-sitting rm. 35*s.*, for gentleman in clean, quiet house. 13 Highland Rd., Bromley, Kent.

VERY large newly furn. & decorated bed-sitting room, bookshelves, concealed basin, service. Quiet road bet. Swiss Cottage & Abbey Rd., £3 3*s.* MAI. 2962 or Box 6361.

PALMERS Green. Conf. furn. divan room. Htng. C.H.W. Suit student. Box 6389.

2 furn. flats to let N. Lond., lge. attractive rms. overlkg. meadow. 3 rms. 70*s.*, 2 rms. 65*s.*, each dining, kit. Box 6171.

LUXURIOUS, self-cont. accom. offered to one bachelor only in large Georgian country house of excessively superstaxed author. Daily breakfast in bed, other meals at weekends only. Services of valet, large enchanting gardens, 35 mins. Waterloo, 12 min. walk from stn. Middle-aged business man with penchant for Siamese cats pref. Politics of no interest. 7*gns* a week. Box 6264.

ARTISTIC furn. cott., sleep 4, E. Coast, 50 miles Lond. Every convenience, 2½*gns.* till March, vacant till July. Box 6330.

ON yacht Pembrokeshire river, handy shopping, comfortable s/c furn. flat, all conveniences; suit author or meditative couple. 2*gns.* per week. Box 6270.

YOUNG prof. couple, expecting baby July, urg. req. furn./unfurn. accom. in/nr. London. Reas. rent please. Box 6150.

WIDOWED gentlewoman & business daughter urgently req. 2 unfurn. rooms, own ckg. facils. Reas. trav. S. Ken. Box 6128.

TWO young prof. women want flat, central London, furn./unfurn., min. 2 rms., etc. Reasonable rent. Box 6145.

GIRL requires s/c furn. flat (or share). Holborn/Bloomsbury. Box 6144.

TWO English business ladies req. urg. one/two furn. rooms & kitchen. 3½*gns.* Kensington district. Box 6191.

RESEARCH impeded while young psychologist seeks moderate unfurnished/furnished London flat. Box 6301.

WANTED: 3-room garden flat in London or within 30-mile radius. Maximum rent £3. Furn. or unfurn. Box 6299.

OXFORD graduate and wife (no children or pets!) seek unfurn./part furn. flat, central, W. or N.W. London. Box 6307.

FURN. flat wtd. for yng. political worker & wife nr. Central London. Box 6208.

DESPERATE: yng. lady sks. unf. room, or flat Kensington. No prem. Box 6225.

REQUIRED: 2 furnished/part-furnished rooms, use of kit. & bath, 2 young women. West London area. Essential reas. Box 6317.

CIVIL Servant (m) requires accommodation in Bristol—on average 3 nights a week, mainly Fri.-Sun. Might share flat. Anything considered. Box 5706.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s.* 6*d.* per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 108

ALL modern languages including Russian, Hebrew, English for foreigners at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., Hampstead. Experienced teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

LESSONS in Hungarian language; for partics., apply Sec., British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

DRAMA Schools, Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. (April 7-15, 4½*gns.*); (May 9-10, £1 15s.), (July 27-Aug. 7, 5½*gns.*). (Evg. school, Aug. 10-21, 4½*gns.*). Dir.: Marian Naylor. Acting technique, Speech, Mime & Movement, Production, Make-up. Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

POTTERY in Bath at Easter. Course begins March 30 until April 10. Fee £10 10s. non-resident. Particulars from John Shelley, Bath Pottery, 39 Gay Street, Bath.

FILM School of the British Film Institute. The successful residential course of last year held in Scotland at the time of the Edinburgh Festival is to be repeated from August 16-29. Enrolments now beginning. Particulars from the Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University is offering one or more Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the Social Sciences, this term being construed in a wide sense. The Fellowships are tenable for one year with a possible extension to two years, and are of a value within the range £700-£1,500 per annum according to experience and qualifications. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent not later than March 1, 1953, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBERT Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. London County Council invites applications for the Robert Blair Fellowship, tenable for one year, for advance study or research in applied science and technology abroad. Value of the award (originally £450) is variable, may be about £900 if Canada or U.S.A. selected, and is subject to P.A.Y.E. Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years old. For application form and further particulars send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Education Officer (EO/H1/2), County Hall, S.E.1. Apply by March 2, 1953 (1311).

PERSONAL

DID you listen to Professor Denis Brogan on Sunday evening? Refugee, tubercular and other students in need require urgent help. Please send a donation to World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

STUDENT, willing to baby-sit, offered bed-sitting room with gas ring at £1 per week. Highgate. Box 6388.

LYRICS & Sketches urg. reqd. (by Jan. 31) for the Spring Late-Night Revue. Irving Theatre, Irving St., Leicester Sq.

UNDERSTANDING Foster Parents wanted for boy 8 years. Occasional enuresis. Apply Children's Officer, Halifax.

STUD. offers shopping/childminding, light chores ret. rm./home. Benari. GLA.8358.

FURN. cottage/rooms/caravan wanted May to July/Aug. for 2. Country within 50 mile, near quick trains London. Box 6022.

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ANTHONY Blond (London), Ltd., of 91 Regent Street, W.1, are Literary Agents interested in works by young writers.

PLAYS for Stage, Radio, etc., read by expert. For advice or doctoring. Write Box 6328.

PERSONAL—continued

SKI-ING in February sunshine! We can still include a few more in our parties to Obergurgl Feb. 7, Alpbach Feb. 14, La Molina, Spanish Pyrenees March 7; also Spring Ski-ing parties March and April. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

THE N.U.S. Spring Travel Programme, giving details of sight-seeing tours in Austria, France, Germany, Italy, Low Countries, Sicily, Spain, Switzerland and the United Kingdom, and ski-ing holidays in Austria, Norway and Switzerland, is now available from the National Union of Students, Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

"AVEC cinq ou six termes de l'art, on se donne pour connaisseur," but La Bruyère would have agreed our standards were higher on our 77-day escorted holidays to the Costa Brava and Balearic Islands. Inclusive from 36*gns.* Departures from March 6. Booklet from The Connoisseurs' Travel Club, Ltd. (Dept. 7A), 37 The Broadway, Stoneleigh, Surrey. (Ewell 4627/6364.)

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OFFICE to let: Westminster. One large light office, cloakrm., h.w., etc. Box 6071.

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PERSONAL—continued

ALL Nations Social Club are opening a new Club Centre at Binney St., Oxford St. (between Selfridges and Bond St. station). Sub. now only 5s. annually, plus 1s. attendance fee per evening, which covers all activities (lectures, conferences, dancing, table-tennis, etc.). Particulars: Secretary-General, All Nations Social Club, Ltd., 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

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PSYCHOLOGIST, Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

P.S. Get sunburnt in the snow this Easter! Special ski parties for students, present, ex and near, in Switzerland, Austria and the Savoy. From 28½ guineas for 16 days, skis and instruction included. Departures March 16, 27 and 28.

P.P.S. Arranged, of course, by Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow—'Phone Harrow 1040.

SCHOOLS

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

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MISCELLANEOUS

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Pantrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

LEARN Shorthand by February 24 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½*d.* stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s 4*d.*, from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1.—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

GENEVA Convention—India's resolution on P.o.W.s—what they mean. "Korea—how to bring our Boys Home." Monica Felton's new pamphlet 1*d.* (plus postage 1½*d.*) from B.C.F.A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., Ldn., W.2.

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BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for free lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

KING'S, Hammersmith (Riv. 5094). Now Booking Donald Wolfit Season. Feb. 4 to March 28. Repertoire from Box Office.

ARTS. Tem 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Maria Marten." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "The Bridge of Life." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. London's Only Late-Night Theatre. Evgs. 10.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun., 9.30. "In the Picture," an intimate Revue. Membership 5s.-yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. From Feb. 10, 7.30 Victorian melodrama "The Drunkard."

"MAGIC Pipe." Children's Play. Principal Boy: Sybil Ewbank. Principal Girl: Sheila Shand Gibbs. Producer: Donald Bisset. Also Derek Birch, Catherine Salkeld, etc., Sun., Jan. 25, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, 3.15 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students 2s., children 1s.).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Jan. 25: Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles" (A). From Jan. 26: Daniel Gelin, Pierre Brasseur in Sartre's "Les Mains Sales" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, Wat. 3232. Sun., Jan. 25 to Wed., Jan. 28, 6.30, 8.30. Wed., Mat. 2.30 (Mems. only). Buster Keaton in "The General." Sat., Jan. 24, open to public. Experimental and 3-dimensional films. "London Can Take It," "Berlin," &c. Doors 12.45. Details memship.: British Film Inst., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Jan. 25, 7.30, "Margherita Da Cortona" (A).

HAMPSTEAD Playhouse. Pri. 6868. Mon. Jan. 26, 6 dys. "La Ronde" (X—Adults only) Fr.—Eng. titles. 2.15, 5.40, 9.

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Sunday, Jan. 25, 7.30, Ilford Town Hall. "The Last Stage" (Poland). Mem. 5s.

SOUTHGATE. Film "Last Stage." Arnos Schl., Wilmer Way, Th. Jan. 29, 8 p.m. 6d.

HOLIDAY Film Show and Travel Forum, Chelsea Town Hall, Feb. 4, 7-11 p.m. Come and get new ideas for your 1953 holiday! Tickets 2s. 6d. from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

Y.P.C. Jewish National Fund (N.E.) Third Anniversary Dance on Sunday, January 25, 1953, 7.30-11.30 p.m. at the Amhurst Park Hall, Stamford Hill, N.16. Tickets 8s. 6d. Enquiries: Miss Iris Jacobs, AMHurst 3070.

SOUTH African Students' Assoc. Dance at Hampstead Town Hall on Friday, Feb. 6, 8 p.m. Tickets at door. Refreshments, Mayfair orchestra; all welcome.

EVENING in Budapest with Heinz Bernard (producer of "The Bridge of Life") on Theatre in Hungary; Ethel Lyon, operatic soprano (accompanied by Robert Vivian); Balalaika ensemble; Hungarian film. January 25 at 7.30 p.m. Adm. B.H.F.S. members 2s.; guests 2s. 6d. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

MOZART'S "Il Seraglio." Introduction by James Robertson, illus. members Sadler's Wells prodn. Feb. 1, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., Feb. 7 at 6 p.m. Handel's "Messiah" in its entirety with original accompaniments. London Choral Society. Kalmar Chamber Orch. John Tobin. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

BEETHOVEN & Bartok Quartets. Queen Mary Hall Music Club presents a Series of six Concerts each Wed. at 7.30 beginning Feb. 4. Aeolian, Martin, Hirsch, Aleph, New London String Quartets. Seats 4s. & 2s. 6d., progs. from Box Office, Queen Mary Hall, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Fri., Jan. 30, at 7.30 p.m. The English Opera Group Association presents a Concert Reading of the new Opera, "Nelson," the music by Lennox Berkeley, the libretto by Alan Pryce-Jones. Introduced by the librettist and directed by the composer. Artists include: Nancy Evans, Peter Pears. For tickets apply Hon. Sec., FULham 5138.

SUNDAY, Jan. 25, at 7.30. Royal Festival Hall. Van Beinum, Nancy Evans, London Symphony Orch. Works by Beethoven, Mahler, Andriessen (1st London perf.), Debussy, Ravel. 3s. 6d to 15s.

VICTORIA & Albert Museum, S.W.7. This Sun. at 8. English Opera Group presents Peter Pears, Dennis Brain, Mewton-Wood. "Auf dem Strom" with Horn obbligato (Schubert), Sonata for Horn & Piano (Beethoven), "An die ferne Geliebte" (Beethoven), Sonata for Horn & Piano (Hindemith), Song cycle "The Heart's Assurance" (Tippett). Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s., Chappell's, Agents & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1, and at Museum from 6.15 on Sunday.

EXHIBITIONS

CHINESE Ceramics from Sir Alan Barlow's Collection, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 31, Mon. Wed. Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

INTERNATIONAL Sculpture Competition. Exhibition British Entries. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Daily 10-6. Tues., Thurs. till 8 p.m. Closing Jan. 31.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

THE Italian Book 1465-1900: Exhibition at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1 (1465-1800) and Italian Institute, 39, Belgrave Sq., S.W.1 (1800-1900). Adm. 2s. (Enquiries: Reg. 1201 or Slo. 0453).

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

MATISSE Sculpture and Studies for Paintings. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 22. Week-days 10-6; Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

THE Pastel Society. 47th Exhibition at R.I. Galleries, 195 Piccadilly. Daily 10-5 incl. Sats. till 30th. Adm. 1s.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Edward Wakeford. Watercolours by Frank Brown. Small Paintings by Nejad. Until February 6.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. From Jan. 27, Recent Paintings by Norman Adams and James Hull.

THE Leicester Galleries. New Year Exhibition. 10-5.30. Leicester Square.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Winter Exhibition of Drawings and XIX Century French Paintings.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Confusion between Politics and Economics" will be given by G. R. G. Mure (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on January 30 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

AFRICA speaks to London: Public Meeting, Friday, January 23, 7 p.m., Church House, Gt. Smith St., called by African Chiefs and representatives from Central Africa. Speakers: Paramount Chief Mpezeni, Chief Somba, Chief Maganga. Acting Paramount Chief Gomani, Joshua Nkomo.

LONDON Labour Party New Year Lectures. Jack Bailey, Secy., Co-operative Party, gives second lecture in the series "The Tasks Ahead," Friday, January 30, 7.30 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1. Tickets 1s. Apply London Labour Party, 258/262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

COMMON Cause: "Anti-Semitism and Prague Trials." Dr. Otto Friedman; "Stalin's Global Strategy." C. A. Smith. "Under Soviet Heel." Reader Harris, M.P. Hampstead Town Hall, Thurs., Jan. 29, 7.30. Chair.: Vic Sullivan. Questions.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Jan. 29, Thurs., 8.30. "The Human Image." 1st of Series of 4 Illus. Lectures: "Aesthetics of Sculpture," by Herbert Read. Jan. 30, Fri., 8.30. Discussion on "Opposing Forces" Exhibition.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Jan. 28 at 7.30 p.m. Maurice Edelman, M.P., "The Council of Europe & the Schuman Plan," at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Tuesday, January 27. Dr. Mary Boyce on "Manichaeism". Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Great Newport St., W.C.2, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

SHAW Society: "Shaw and E. A. Poe" (incl. dram. recital of "Tell-Tale Heart"), etc. 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. Jan. 30, 7 p.m.

KENYA. Fenner Brockway, M.P., Koinange, and Hampstead's Labour Candidate at Hampstead Town Hall, Fri., Jan. 30, 8 p.m.

A POLICY for Labour—Socialism in Our Time. Harry Pollitt. Also "The March of the Workers". A Pageant of Song, Dance and Poetry. St. Pancras Town Hall. Tues., Jan. 27, 7 p.m. (Doors open 6.30.) Adm. 6d.

BALCESCU; Rumanian Revolutionary of the "Hungry Forties." Lecture by Jack Greene, Sunday, Feb. 1, 20 Pont St., S.W.1, at 7.30. British Rumanian Friendship Assocn., 101 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

T. STOVERUD will speak on "Edward Grieg" (with gramophone records), January 30, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

"QU'EST-CE que la Pataphysique?" An informal talk in French at Barbara Wright's, 18 Wellington Rd., N.W.8. Sunday, January 25, at 3. Come or 'phone HAM. 7596.

IN The Maze: a criticism of contemporary writing by Christopher Leach and G. W. Target. Reading & discn. 14 Chesterfield Gdns. Curzon St. W.1. Jan. 30, 7.30. Adm. free.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1 Thursday, Jan. 29, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Mr. Jacques Stehman, art critic. Subject. "La Musique Belge hier, aujourd'hui et demain." Admission free.

"A NATURALIST in Norway" A lecture will be given by Frances Pitt, J.P., F.L.S., M.B.O.U., F.Z.S., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Jan. 26, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Middle East: Egypt Speaks to the People of All Nations," by M. Saad el-Din, Cultural Secretary. (By courtesy of His Excellency.) Thurs., Jan. 29, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

DR. Viggo Starcke, M.P., Leader of the Justice Party in the Danish Parliament will address a Public Meeting, Fri., Jan. 30, 6.30 p.m. at Church House, Great Smith St., Westminster, subject: "The Individual versus the State Machine." Chairman: Ashley Mitchell, Hon. Treas., International Union for Taxation of Land Values and Free Trade.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 65 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation and Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 4.15 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30 p.m. Jan. 29: Meditation in Vedanta. Feb. 5: Meditation in Vedanta (contd.). All welcome.

KENSINGTON Peace Committee invites you to hear delegates to Vienna Peace Congress: J. Abraham (Sec. Shep. Bush No. 3 A.E.U.) & Bishop J. Barker, on Mon., Jan. 26, Ken. Town Hall, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

LESLIE Hale, M.P., on "Problem of Kenya," St. Marylebone Fabian Society Dinner-Meeting, Tuesday, Jan. 27, 7 p.m., North Star, Finchley Rd. Non-members 5s. 'Phone to book, CUN. 7123.

TRANSPORT & Industry in the New 5-Year Plan. P. A. Keen & C. H. Creighton. Thurs., Jan. 29, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

PROTEST Meeting on behalf of Jose Sendros and other Spanish democrats awaiting Court-martial. Speakers: Kingsley Martin, Dr. S. W. Jeger, M.P., F. Elwyn Jones, M.P., Mrs. Leah Manning, J.P. Also full-length feature film on blockade of the Spanish Republic during fight for independence, 1936-39. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Friday, Jan. 30, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 6d. International Brigade Assoc. & Friends of Republican Spain.

INDIA Day, January 26. Demonstration Meeting at Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.C., M.P., Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, V. K. Krishna Menon. Indian orchestra and songs. Tickets 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s., from The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

CHRISTIAN Action in the Africa Crisis. Public Meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, Monday, February 2 at 7.0 Buffet from 6.0. Speakers include Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Nantando Jabavu, Lady Pakenham, Rev. Michael Scott, Victor Gollancz, Chairman, Canon L. J. Collins. Tickets: 2s. 6d. res., 1s. unres. from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4 (CIT. 6869). Some free seats available at hall.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, S.W. Last Talk Tuesday at 1.10, January 27, on "Control of Thought."

THE New China, address by Gordon Signy & Peter Townsend, Community Centre, Richmond, Fri. Jan. 30, 8 p.m. Soc. Med. Assn.

JACK Lindsay, recently returned from Poland, will speak on "The Writer's Place in Poland Today", Friday, Jan. 23, 7.45 p.m. Chairman: Mr. Jack Ryan (A.U.B.T.W.). All welcome. Refreshments. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 27. Hector Hawton, "The Crisis of Modern Philosophy." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Fri., Jan. 23. Spkr. from Racial Unity Society, "African Problems."

SOCIALIST Zionist Party (Mapam), 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. "Jewish Socialists & the East Europe Trials," Wed., Jan. 28, 8 p.m.

WESTERN Buddhist Order holds meetings and services for Buddhists and those interested in Buddhism at Friends House, Euston Road, at 6.30 p.m. each Friday.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 31 at 6 p.m. Señor Emilio Alsina: "Don Juan, El Quijote y la Celestina."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 25. S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Meaning of Life." Questions after lecture. Free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 4s.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "The extension of human sympathies (marking the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, Jan. 25, 1759)." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, Jan. 25 at 11 a.m.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. "Society's Attitude to Literature on Sex." Mr. Alex Craig. Wed., January 28, 7 p.m., Conway Hall. Admission free.

THEATRE in Poland. Play-reading, talk, exhibition, at the Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Friday, Jan. 30, 8 p.m. All welcome. Refreshments.

PERSONALIST Group. Alec Pearson on "Artistic Genius and Man's Central Problem." Conway Hall, Tues., Jan. 27, at 7.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Truth in Existentialism," Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., Jan. 25, 7.45.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wednesday, January 28, 6.30 p.m. Public lecture: "Buddhism in Action." Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., S.W.1, Mayfair 6626, provides most comprehensive training for High-Grade Secretarial Posts.

COLONIAL & Dominion Students conference 11 a.m. Jan. 24/25, Holborn Hall.

W.E.A. Class on "English Diaries and Letters" at Public Library, Golders Green, on Monday evenings, 7.45 p.m. Tutor: Miss V. E. Henriques, B.A. All are welcome.

ST. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1 (GER. 5007). Spring Lecture Course: 6.30 p.m. Non-members 2s. Thursdays: Jan. 29, Feb. 12, 26, March 12, "The Faith and Civilisation" (cont.), J. Stephen Watson, Erich Heller, A. D. Ritchie, etc. Mondays: Jan. 26—March 16, "The Role of Images in Modern Life," Herbert Read, Ewan Phillips, John Heath-Stubbs, Dorothy Emmet, Victor White, O. P., Paul de Berker, Robert Donington, E. T. O. Slater, Bernard Gutteridge, Austin Farrar. Programmes on application.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon, Checkendon 221 Week-end Courses: see page 95.

"SUPERNORMAL Faculties of the Mind." Progressive League Week-end Conference, Feb. 20-22, at Southdean Hotel, nr. Bognor Regis. Chairman: C. C. L. Gregory. Programme: Prof. H. H. Price, "Psychical Research and the Present World-outlook"; John Custance, "Between Two Worlds"; Alice E. Buck, "Dreams and Parapsychology"; James Laver, "Nostradamus." Fees: Members £2 12s. 6d., Non-members, £2 17s. 6d. Single rooms 7s. 6d. extra. Apply Conference Organiser (private address), 43 West Park, London, S.E.9. Tel. enquiries ELT. 1761 (before 6 p.m.).

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Institute of Education. The Institute announces a one-year course of full-time study in the Education of Young Children. Qualified teachers with five or more years of experience in primary schools and lecturers in Training Colleges are eligible for this course; it is recognised by the Ministry of Education for grant. The next course will begin in September, 1953. Further particulars from the Director, Institute of Education, Kepier Ter., Gilesgate, Durham.

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EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

S.C.R. Instrumentalists' Group. Every Monday from Jan. 26, 7 p.m. Balalaika instruction from Mr. Medvedeff. 10-lesson course, 2s. 6d. lesson. Instruments provided. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 107

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